

# NEW YORK SATURDAY MORNING ADAM A HOME WEEKLY

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1877, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. VIII.

F. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams,  
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1877.

TERMS IN ADVANCE  
One copy, four months, \$1.00  
One copy, one year, 3.00  
Two copies, one year, 5.00

No. 390

## WORK!

BY EREN E. REKFOR.

Work, for up the eastern sky  
Climbs the sun the while we wait;  
Chances come, and pass us by  
While we stand and hesitate—  
Doubting, waiting, faint of heart,  
Till we find we are too late.

Work! the morning will not wait,  
While we stand and hesitate.

Work! our lives before us lie  
Like the marble, shapeless still;  
We must shape it to success  
With an earnest heart and will.  
It is in our hands to choose;  
Shall we choose for good or ill?

Work! the day is passing fast,  
Brave of heart to do and dare  
In the world's great labor-fields,  
There is work for us to share.  
Earnest hearts and willing hands  
Find a mission everywhere.

Ah! the morning will not wait,  
While we stand and hesitate.

## The Bitter Secret;

OR,

## THE HEART OF GOLD.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

### CHAPTER V.

WAITING AND SEEING.

AND that was Otto Derwent, her father!

With blazing cheeks the girl sat and thought of him, scanning again, with mental gaze, the tall, stalwart figure, the proud, picturesque countenance, the dominant manner, the dashing, courageous, *bon-camerade* style of the man who had let his wife perish alone in Loango.

How lightly his sorrow sat upon him! Why, her mother had looked at least ten years older when she died!

As Monica played with the fried ham and eggs and weak tea served to her by Dame Hicks, she plied that personage with questions that set her voluble tongue wagging continuously, and rendered the stranger lady so much more interesting to a guest than the dozen of hungry hunters who revelled in the big hall, that she passed over these magnates to her husband, and devoted herself to the one lone little girl.

And Monica, with her white hand upholding her cheek, and her dark glimmering eyes fastened full upon the dame's raw-boned face, lured her on and on, till she had told all she knew about Dornoch-Weald and its noble master. According to Mrs. Hicks, "the master," as she delighted to call him, was so obstinate in his celibacy, and withal so brilliant, fascinating and popular among the ladies, that the highest in the land had as good as offered herself to him, while all the county ladies, belles and heiresses, as well as peeresses in their own right, were breaking their necks after him, without the smallest reward.

"For a gay man, an' a jovial liver," said the old woman, "he's that queer about marryin' the Lord only knows what he means for to do for an heir; him that hates his nephew, Geoffrey Kilmyre, fit to shoot him—him as used for to fairly worship the lad! And in my opinion, as well as the whole countryside, a proper man, and a gallant, never stepped across Dornoch-Weald threshold; a bit harum-scarum maybe, but, Lord! that's better than foxin' and wigglin' like snakes around the master's heels, like the next after him again—I mean them two, as was here a minute ago with him, Rufus an' Gavaine Marshall. Geoffrey, ye see, 's a right down Derwent, as why shouldn't he, bein' the master's own sister's child; whereas them sons aren't nothin' but distant relatives, ever so far removed, sons of—would ye believe it, nothin' but a tailor! and with neither the souls nor the bodies of our Derwents, God bless the race!"

"And he—Mr. Derwent, I mean—is he kind to people—a good man?" demanded the listener, disdainfully.

"Humph! I dunno what may your ideas of good be! He suits us—lets us a-b-e, and that's what a single man should," retorted the innkeeper's wife. "He's the young woman as has been hanging on these ten year at the Weald, would only keep her nose out of our concerns, like the master does, she'd suit us better too, I'll wager."

"Who is she?"

"Oh, another far-off relation; at least she says so, an' has been a-tryin' for to ketch the master ever since she got out of short clothes—for a scheming viper! But he don't see it, he! he! he!—an' so they say up at the hall that of late she's set her cap for young Master Geoffrey, an' that she's in a fair way of lookin' him, too. But it'll be a sad day for Dornoch when Godiva Montacute gets to be mistress of the Weald."

"Young, you say?"

"Test of age, miss, twenty-one, and as sly a serpent as ever crawled. It's my opinion, an' I don't care who hears me say so, that she's that mad at the master for never lookin' her way, that she'd stick her bolkin in his heart, any day, if she had a chance; an' if ever anything amiss do happen to him, I'll know who done it."

And the giantess nodded her great head gloomily, gazing with a disgusted frown into vacancy.

Monica felt a singular stir at the heart, and a quick breathless craving to see this woman face to face. Yet, although she was spoken of as the enemy of the Master of Dornoch-Weald, it was not kindred feeling that animated the American girl, who had come here in the character of an avenger.

"Go on! tell me more," said she, settling herself with yet deeper attention, to the dame's great gratification, for she loved to declaim on the affairs of her betters. "Where is Geoffrey Kilmyre, and what?"

"Oh, he's a rovin' blade. He don't trouble the Weal much, especially since the master turned him out of Dornoch for wanting to marry a poor girl as was governess in the parson's family."



"Hush, dear boy, hush!" and there was malignity-germ enough in her tones for both."

"Ah!" cried Monica, derisively, "the Master of Dornoch-Weald does not like poor girls, does he?"

Well, this 'un weren't much, anyhow, an' who he had devil like Master Geoffrey would think o' settin' the like, with nather blood nor beauty, at the head of the table where princesses wanst sat?"

"Well, did the young man assert his independence, and marry her in spite of his uncle, or did he prove a craven and abandon her for the sake of his uncle's wealth?"

"Land! how your eyes do shine, miss! Did he marry Nell Wyvern, say you? No, for, as good luck 'ud have it, she showed herself up in time, for the bold, brazen hussy she was, an' run off with parson's eldest son, a captain in the guards, whenever she found out that her rich lover 'ud lose everything if he married her; an' she not even expectin' to marry Tom Grindon. Ugh! Master Geoffrey may thank his stars for the escape. It broke the heart of parson's wife, as sweet a lady as ever trod in Dornoch; she died in a month; an' parson himself, he have never held up his poor head since; for the lad was a good son, an' he never forgave his uncle for standin' between them on account of the gal's low birth; so he's very seldom at the Weald now, but keeps himself to his own big, lonesome house in Cornelia, an' meanwhile them reptiles, the Marshalls, keeps close by the master's ear, an' Satan only knows what lies they tell about our young master; and that other fox, Godiva Montacute, keeps a-writin' constant to Master Geoffrey, drawin' him, fine as a wire, into her net, though how she means to get the property for him ag'in' 'em, two such imps as them Marshalls is past me. Well, well, thank God, the master's as hale an' hearty as any one of 'em yet, an' can ride to hounds with the foremost; it may be a many years afore anybody'll get into his shoes, an' the good Lord grant it will."

And with this devout aspiration the landlady departed in response to a call from the dining-room, from whence came the jolly racket and turbulence of a hunt dinner.

And Monica once more sunk deep into reverie, with wondering heart questioning the near future.

She was soon afterward conducted to her bedroom, situated in a distant part of the wide-spread rambling cottage, but for all that, not quite out of hearing of the noisy party in the dining-room; and she passed the long, cold, gusty night between waking visions of sinister foreboding, and slumbering trances of nameless terror, till the dim breaking of day, when all grew death-still and she slept profoundly.

With her waking came perplexities.

Unless she applied, under some good pretext, at the parsonage for lodgings, there was not a house in Dornoch open to her; for the most part the inhabitants were wretchedly poor. Leasing small patches of land upon which they raised green stuffs for the Linlithgow market, and living crammed into infinitesimal cottages, eight or twelve of a family; ignorance, vice, and brutal suspicion of strangers seemed to be their ruling characteristics.

"Like people, like master," thought the intelligent American girl, scornfully; she was fresh from her own trim, thriving little village, where every soul could at least read, and where the poorest cottager could mingle with his fellows, a rational being.

What curse was hanging over this people, that they were so imbruted? And reckless lord, whose bitter conservatism and galling pride of race had taught him to look upon his tenants as naught but miserable serfs to till his lands and to crouch at his foot as their natural lord and master!

For the Master of Dornoch-Weald was said through all the county to be the proudest man

within the Riding; prouder by far of his ancient lineage than many a high peer, more newly ennobled; his private character was a strange mixture of princely *bonhomie* toward his equals, and icy impregnability toward all high or low, who ventured to tread too close to his real nature.

Monica was obliged to hire a room at the inn; she shrank from the task of dissimulation with all the repulsion of a high-toned nature, and felt it impossible to intrude under false pretenses upon the stricken man at the parsonage; it was only her father whom she could contemplate deceiving without pang of compunction.

She took a room at the "Dornoch Arms" for a few weeks, and bestirred herself to obtain entrance under some plausible excuse, into the Weald. She gave out to the inn people that she had come to their village among the woods for change of air; her pale and emaciated appearance suggesting instantly recent illness among the ruddy and robust Northern peasants; and she took care to make it known that if the air agreed with her, she would be thankful to get some post at the Mansion House, being too poor to live idle upon her money.

But the days passed, and nothing came of her stay, except that she made herself thoroughly familiar with the grounds of Dornoch-Weald, as well as for miles around among the forests. And then fate gave her her will; a door opened where she least looked for it, and the way was clear.

She had not caught another glimpse of Mr. Derwent; neither had she seen the woman who now divided her thoughts with him—Godiva Montacute, the wily connection. The brothers Marshall she often saw and eluded; they made a habit of riding past the inn every day, and of stopping to call for a stirrup-cup of mine host's nut-brown ale, in the hope of snatching another glimpse of the pale and lustrous-eyed stranger lady, whom they had discovered asleep on the wooden settle.

She had successfully avoided not only them, but all the cavaliers at the Mansion; she was cautious as to when and where she took her walks, and confined herself to her room as long as they loitered about the inn.

This reserve piqued their curiosity; they vowed to "have her out of her hole," as they put it, and haunted her.

At this time the great house was thronged with a merry company. Not only sportsmen filled its spacious walls and vaulted chambers, but ladies from the *beau monde*, bright, beautiful, young and illustrious ladies, might be seen sauntering in dainty guise through the building garden-beds, and the mossy paths of the home-woods.

Sometimes they flashed by on horseback, attended by the youngest and gayest of the cavaliers; sometimes they drove, a merry cavalcade, in the Master's open carriages, through the quaint little village, to some point of interest in the neighborhood, gazing curiously about them as they passed the wretched hutsches with their squalid, beast-like inhabitants; but Godiva Montacute was never among these; she seemed to confine herself within the walls of Dornoch-Weald, as one with some watch to keep.

Monica came to think of this unseen woman who hated the Master of Dornoch-Weald, eating his bread the while, with superstitious dread; she was always straining to catch a glimpse of her.

One morning she reached, in the course of her ramble in the forest facing the Weald, a charming little village, where the gray rocks peeped through velvet mosses, and the fresh young curls of the bracken interlaced, with the shooting grasses, the gnarled roots of the giant oaks; silver-stemmed birches, dusky thorn, and tasseled poplars, stretched away like solemn cathedral columns into the dim recesses of the wood; and a fair bad-fringed gap revealed the Mansion straightfronting the girl, as she leaned among the young spring verdure against a granite

boulder, half-lost amid the shadows and the intricate tracery of naked boughs.

As usual, Monica had brought a book with her; it was not one calculated to enchain her interest much, it is true, for in default of any books whatever in her present abode, she had obtained permission from the sexton of the little Chapel to use the library of theological works which mouldered in the vestry, and these volumes, though the most dry and most dogmatic type; so she had also provided herself with a piece of lace-work, which she made almost as exquisitely as her mother, and with more originality of design, and on which she now built some hopes of making a subsistence.

She was weary with a long walk, and sat in a half dream, her abstracted gaze fixed upon those distant turrets; when the quiet rustle of some light trailing thing over last year's fallen leaves attracted her attention.

She turned in every direction, seeking the cause, but nothing was visible coming through that mist of crossing twigs, with its slight veiling of just peeping green; then the rustling stopped, and she heard a quick, firm step, and a clear merry whistle, coming striding up from the valley below. It was answered from the point where the rustling had ceased, by the warbling of a bird, so very cleverly and deftly executed that Monica had not the slightest suspicion that it could be anything else, until the rustling began again, and standing up, she saw, coming apparently straight toward her nook, a tall woman in a vapory sort of pale gray gown, that scarcely showed through the silvery grayness of the trees, only that it moved, and that something copper-red shone on the head of it, and something rosy white where the face might be.

As she looked, not doubting but that the lady the firm step all the while coming springing up and up from the valley, the lady stood still, behind the enormous girth of a centenarian oak, and a gentleman sprang beside her.

As the two met, Monica, who saw them in profile, though the great tree hid them completely from the windows of the Mansion, perceived the tall, slim lady put out two long white hands with an impulsive grace, which the gentleman, when he was up to her, gathered quickly in one of his, shook them gaily, and dropped, throwing himself back then against the trunk, while he gazed at her in silence for perhaps a minute, his riding-cap in his hand, and his shining brow lit by the clear morning beams.

And Monica, who could see his face distinctly, being possessed of unusually long sight, breathed a mechanical sigh of pleasure; for it was so beautiful, not only in proud pure contour, rich and manly coloring, and grace of outline, but in the heart-felt sincerity and ingenuousness of the soul that looked forth from the clever, searching eyes, that her very heart was satisfied for once, and ere ever he had uttered one word in her hearing, her soul assented to all that was in his nature, fiber to fiber answering.

"Rare and fair as ever, Godiva! Anxiety only makes you lovelier, I protest, my brave champion," were the first words spoken.

"Oh, Geoffrey! GEORFREY! GEORFREY!" were her words in answer.

Monica felt her heart stand still; these were the two who ought to be of the utmost importance in the world, to her, after Otto Derwent, for they were the candidates for heirship of his wealth—the rivals.

Godiva Montacute and Geoffrey Kilmyre stood at last before her—before HER, the unknown daughter of their patron and uncle.

### CHAPTER VI.

THE STRECH OF THE WOOD.

MISS MONTACUTE had uttered her greeting in a low impassioned tone, and with a movement as if she would have drawn the young man most impetuously to her bosom, a movement which he did not respond to, as he leaned in an attitude of perfect indolent grace against the old black tree-trunk; then she fell back a step, crossing her pale hands on her breast, with her

bare head drooping, and the burning gold of her waving hair glittering under the sun, for her broad-brimmed country hat was slung over her shoulder by long floating ribbons of palest azure.

She looked very, very lovely and stately as she drooped so; her height was majestic, her figure lithe and willowy, with an easy gliding grace, like the curving undulations of a bending blade of grass, or a twining serpent; her face was purely oval, and creamy white, where it was not roseate of the purest carmine tint; in her tiny ivory ear beamed a star-shaped azure periwinkle-blossom, in porcelain, or some pretty ware, a spray of the same fastening the transparent illusion scarf that softly muffled her throat, as white as it; oh! she was delicacy, demureness, modesty, and tenderness personified, she who might, by right of her proud stature and noble beauty, have lifted herself toweringly above any man's insulting indifference, a very Cleopatra!

"You are glad to see me, then?" said Geoffrey Kilmyre, curiously regarding her. "In the name of Heaven, why, I should like to know!"

She stole a strange look at him; it was as if her eyes, concealed till then under the longest, richest red lashes Monica had ever seen, had emitted a white flash, like lightning in daylight; then they were hid again.

"Pardon me, Mr. Kilmyre, I have no right to presume to be either glad or sorry about you," she replied in a humble, innocent voice. "But if I was—I really couldn't help it—at least—oh, what a shame to put me on the witness stand this way!" she broke out in lovely confusion, and half turned away, pouting, yet smiling, like a very sweet unsophisticated child.

Monica had listened and looked thus far, too utterly carried out of herself by the suddenness of the double arrival to recollect the impropriety of so doing; she would now, having come a little to herself, inevitably have either called their attention to her proximity by some sound, or walked away, had not something in this last maneuver of the beautiful Godiva struck cold conviction of treachery to her soul. Conscious of this intuition, and of nothing else, she suddenly sat down again in her shadowed nook, and completely sheltered by intervening rocks and branches from the most searching looks, prepared to overhear all that this woman had come there to say to Geoffrey Kilmyre. And now she could see neither of them; but the better could she listen.

"Do you know, blushes are vastly becoming to you, Lily-Maid," she heard the gay, yet rather mocking voice of the young man say next.

It was clear that whatever he might be to this lovely dependent on his uncle's bounty, she was nothing to him, nothing at least beyond the pleasant moment of her luring presence.

"Do you think so? Thank you!" murmured she softly, and Monica could see mentally the mock-maiden's face glancing at the evil shrewdness of the hidden heart of her as she said it.

"Well, you are a good little thing—I beg your pardon—little is scarcely the term to describe a woman of your majesty; but somehow you always seem to me babyish enough for the endearment, in spite of your six feet of statuesque perfection."

"Anything you say by way of endearment, Geoffrey, is precious—is, I should rather say, welcome to me, as you know, I have had little love in my life."

"Poor child! That's the way with most of us, I dare swear. However, I need not keep you out in this wilderness talking sentiment. Let's to business. You wrote for me, and here I am. What is it?"

"Oh, me! How sternly you can look at me! Did I do wrong to write you, Geoffrey? Indeed—it was out of the purest—"

"There—there—don't cry, dear soul. What under heaven have I said now, to stir up pathos in your foolish little heart? For a large woman, and rather a sensible one, you are the veriest baby! There, that's right; you look more practical now. You were right enough in summoning me to Dornoch-Weald, if my uncle was in any trouble which I could avert. Little cause as he has shown me to waste filial duty upon him, I can't hear of his worries without at least wanting to offer my help. What is the matter?"

"Let me collect my reasoning faculties a moment, Mr. Kilmyre. I must not waste your time or forbearance getting out the matter in my own poor womanish way; wait one minute." It was clear that the "Lily-Maid" required some time to crush down the rage and mortification his careless words had roused in her; any woman would have recognized the anger which burned in those quivering half-suppressed tones, and in the quick swish of her robe over the dead leaves as she passed to and fro.

Geoffrey Kilmyre evidently did not read these signs aright. After uttering a slight laugh at her closing words, the map of a match and the curls of blue smoke rising over the spot where he stood betokened the serenity with which he had lit his cigar, and the careless nonchalance with which he meant to await the revelation his kinswoman had summoned him to hear.

Soon her promenade ended, and her voice sounded, low and delicate, through the ancient forest.

"Did you know that Rufus and Gavaine Marshall were here on a six weeks' visit?"

"By Jove! no! The Marshalls? What can the poor old fellow mean? How does his majesty get along with the sneaking curs? I'm bad enough—the son of a Cornelia cotton-prince. But they, ye gods! scions of a tailor! Ha! ha! ha!"

Geoffrey's laugh, the laugh of an honest man, rung out merrily; its sarcasm could not make it even malicious.

"Hush, dear boy, hush!" came the suppressed voice of Godiva, and there was malignity-germ enough in her tones for both. "If any one should discover me under these circumstances—oh, I shudder at the consequences!" A pause. No one asked what consequences.

The delicate voice went on, with a metallic clink in it:

"Well, let me suffer if I must; I had rather suffer for you than curry favor with them for my own sake. I don't know how they contrived to be invited this time along with our other distinguished guests; certainly they were invited by Mr. Derwent, in due form, and are treated with as much consideration and respect as my Lord







a cloak of sadness about her, I would jump into the Schuykill, and put an end to Jack Bounce at one bounce. That is my answer, Will."

Will had no answer to make, but seemed full of deep thought.

Meanwhile, Miss Milton went slowly downstairs. Near the bottom of the stairs she met a young gentleman coming up.

She lifted her head in a heavy manner, and encountered a pair of brown eyes fixed earnestly upon her. A strange feeling affected her as she looked eagerly into the face before her.

It was unknown to her, yet there was something that set her brain in a whirl which it had not known for many days. Who was it? To whom did those eyes belong? she asked herself continually, as the handsome face photographed itself on her brain, like a picture from that far past in which all the joy of her life resided.

And Harry Spenser went up the stairs with a feeling like that of the mariner, who has caught a fleeting glimpse of the Fortune Islands, on which fate forbids him to land.

## CHAPTER XXI.

DICK'S CAT GETTING OUT OF THE BAG.

MR. WILLIAMSON was taking a quiet stroll in Chestnut street that same afternoon when his quick eyes encountered a face that gave him a sudden start. He looked again keenly into the fine but sad womanly features before him.

He then quietly turned away, as if not wishing to be seen himself, and affected to be deeply interested in a store-window.

"She here!" he said to himself, in deep surprise. "What could have brought her from Boston? She who has been almost a hermit. I can think of but one cause: some new illusion about her son."

He followed her until he saw her enter the Continental Hotel.

"So far well," he thought. "She is safe for the present, but I must know what her object is. She cannot be on the true track? Yet who knows? The best-made work may drop to pieces from the loss of a screw. I wish Parker was here now. There seems to be some bad luck about everything in which that fellow is engaged. I must write to him at once. And now I had best see Mother Shipton."

This resolution was suddenly taken, and he turned with a rapid step to execute it. Sharp as he was, he had failed to observe two persons who had watched the whole by-play of his recent movements. One of these was Ned Hogan, with his sign hung out in the shape of his inevitable meershaum. The other was Dick Darling, well marked by a peculiar feature of his attire. The frequent wettings of his new suit had received had proved too much for its powers of resistance. It had shrunk upon him until now the clothes seemed a part of his skin, and the unsolved mystery was how he had got into them, and how he was ever going to get out of them. Dick could not have answered himself, as he had not been out of his clothes since his last two dips overboard.

"Now's our time," he said quickly. "That cove's my game. Wish I knewed who the woman was. Let's arter him; I think there's somethin' afoot."

"Who is he, Dick?" asked Hogan, anxiously, as he followed the eager boy down the opposite side of the street to that pursued by Williamson.

"He's the bit of bacon that I've got in my pickle barrel, and that I'm going to salt down, sure. I won't sell nobody that I ain't bought and paid for, Hogan, but I kalkulate I'll soon own this chap."

"Is he one of the men whom you fancy to be connected with the counterfeiting business?"

"Yes. And with another business that's about as deep and wide. It's gettin' ripe. I'll be ready to knock my apples off the tree in a day or two now."

"I hope you are not making a fool of me, Dick, warned Hogan, doubtfully. "If you are, I'll be burst if I don't smash my pipe over your thundering busy head."

"A right, Ned Hogan. I'll give you some hints before that. Dick could not have answered him. Wait till we hole our game. Did you ever see sich a fit as them trowsers?"

Dick indeed had some trouble in his locomotion in consequence of his excessively tight fit. Hogan laughed as he looked down at the boy's attenuated legs.

"How are you ever going to get them off, Dick?"

"That's what's a-troublin' me," confessed Dick, dubiously. "Feared I'll have to be melted down and run out them."

They had now kept within full view of Williamson for several squares. The streets here became less frequented and they found it advisable to fall further back, barely keeping him in sight.

"We are on the track of somethin'," announced Dick. "I've followed this cove twenty times afore, and I've noticed whenever he's on some deep lay, he's just as cautious as a fox. Look how he keeps his eyes goin'. He cotched me once at it. Bet he don't again."

They were now in a very disreputable part of the city. There were here a number of small streets noted for the horrible filth and iniquity of their inmates—the leprous spot in a great city.

Williamson turned quickly into one of these streets, after glancing warily around. His two pursuers ran rapidly forward to the corner of the street in which he had disappeared.

He was just entering a tumble-down frame house—or but would be a better name—about half-way down the street.

"You stay here, Dick," said Hogan. "I will find out who lives there."

He advanced and entered into conversation with the officer who had charge of this very unpleasant beat.

It was ten minutes before he returned.

"I'll swear I don't know what a well-dressed man like him wants in such a hole," he averred.

"Mebbe I know who lives there," answered Dick.

"Oh, an outrageous old cove," whom the folks in these parts christen Mother Shipton. She makes her money by begging, or generally by sending some baby out to whine for her. She is said to be never short of a new baby, if one happens to drop off."

"Then she's my meat!" cried Dick, joyfully. "It's a hundred-dollar job we've struck to-day. I'll let you inter what I'm arter soon, Hogan. Jist take another short walk with me."

Ned grew somewhat restive over Dick's persistent mysteriousness. But he was excessively anxious to know what the boy was after, and Dick would not let out a word; so he perforce accompanied him.

They way led now to Arch street, and ended at the hotel patronized by the government detectives.

"Mist'ers Bounce and Frazer in?" asked Dick, in his independent manner, of the clerk.

"I don't know," was that individual's short

answer. "You might find them in their room."

"Come ahead then, Hogan. I've blazed the way before."

"You will find them in the rear parlor on the second floor," said a waiter who stood near the clerk's desk. "They have company."

"Oh, that makes no odds to me," replied Dick. "If they kin stand the pressure of company, I kin."

"Who are these men, Dick?" asked Hogan, as they ascended the stairs.

"A pair of my detectives."

"A pair of what?"

"A brace of government chaps. You oughter know them."

"But what do you want with them?"

"Why, you don't kalkulate I kin put all my jobs through with one? Got too much business on hand for that. Things is gettin' ripe, Hogan; that's why I'm goin' to interduce you. Want you all now."

Before Hogan could ask any more questions, Dick had abruptly opened the door of the parlor in question, and walked in, suddenly breaking off a close conference between Harry Spenser and the officers.

"Back ag'in, you see," was his free-and-easy greeting. "How do, Mr. Spenser. Didn't spect to catch you here."

"I wish you had been back a half-hour sooner," said Jack.

"What for?—but stop jist a minit. Want to interduce you to Mr. Edward Hogan. He's one of Pinkerton's—Mr. Hogan, this is Mr. Jack Bounce and Mr. Will Frazer; two gentlemen in government service. Hope you'll know one another."

This introduction was made with great grandiloquence of tone, and a graceful wave of the hand.

Dick, however, hardly gave them time to acknowledge his formal introduction before he was at them again with questions.

"What did you want me for a half an hour ago?"

"The Boston party—"

"There, that will do. Drop it right there," ejaculated Dick, with a quick glance at Spenser.

"The Bostoning job will keep. Tain't that we're runnin' now. Got a little pressin' business with you officers. Ain't interruptin' you?" he asked Harry.

"No. We were about through," replied the latter, with a smile at Dick's peremptory manner.

"When does that little affair come up?"

"What little affair?" asked Harry, in surprise.

"You oughter know, as long as its your job—that little trial bizness."

"Oh, my trial! Now, I was ridiculous enough to fancy that a matter of some importance."

"Yes; folks will be ridic'ous," was Dick's cool reply. "Tain't much longside some jobs I'm runnin'."

"That trifling affair will take place to-morrow," confessed Harry.

"The blazes it will!" was Dick's energetic answer. "That won't do, no how. Can't you boost her over! Slide her on a few days more!"

"Spect to have some witnesses for you, but ain't got them ready yet."

"It might be done," returned Harry, smiling. "The courts will not stand long over so small a matter."

"Do your putiest," demanded Dick, positively. "You'll find I ain't in fun. I've got the trumps in my hand to save you from Cherry Hill; but they ain't quite ready to play yet."

"I shall do my best, then, Dick."

"All right. Got through your bizness here?"

"I think so."

"S'pose then you vamoze the ranche. I don't like to be imperille, but I've got some very private words for these gentlemen's ears."

"Very well, Dick," and Harry laughed approvingly. "It is always better to be asked out than to be kicked out."

"Don't know 'bout that. Been asked out of places myself in a way that was ten degrees worse than a kick."

As soon as the door closed Dick turned to the officers, who had been much amused by this conversation.

"Now let's hear 'bout Bosting," he said.

"Didn't want Harry Spenser to hear it."

"Boston is all right," answered Jack. "Mrs. Milton has been found; and, what is more, she is here now, and excessively anxious to have an interview with you."

"That's the way with women; they're too curious. Why couldn't she stay in Bosting till she was sent for?"

"Suppose you were lost, Dick, and your mother was seeking for you. Do you think she could rest quiet and wait our slow movements?"

"I'm feared she'd say it was a mighty good riddance," answered Dick, with a grimace.

"My good points ain't never appreciated," Hogan laughed heartily at Dick's answer.

"That is so," he added; "and now how about that business?"

"Wait till we git through with Bosting; one roast later at a time is 'bout. Jist tell Mrs. Milton that I ain't visible yet. An' tell her, if she wants to amuse herself waitin', she mought 'tend the trial of one Harry Spenser for counterfeitin'. Tell her to keep her eyes open and see if she reckermises anybody in the court."

"All right," said Jack.

"And how to biz."

He helped himself to a chair beside the center table, and deliberately drew several papers from his pocket, which he spread out upon the table.

"Look at that, Ned Hogan. Ever see it afore?"

It was the torn envelope of a letter he pushed toward Hogan.

"Why, it is addressed to me," cried the latter, in surprise.

"That's so. Know the writin'?"

"It is familiar. Yes, it is the envelope of the letter I received from Chester, telling me that Harry Spenser had got there the next day, and have a conference with a red haired man. This was the first hint of his being connected with the counterfeiters. The letter put me on his track."

"And the envelope put me on a better track. It was a sharp game they played to send him on a fool's errand to Chester, and you after him; and while he was gone old Sol Sly, of South street, stuffed a pack of counterfeiters in his drawers. You see, I twig the whole game."

The officers looked at each other, with the light of a dawning intelligence in their eyes.

"And how about the medal that you say Sol stole?" asked Will.

"Got it here," responded Dick, tapping his pocket. "Worked a little traverse on them."

"Spenser had a long conference with the red-haired man at Chester," Hogan declared.

"Know all about that," interrupted Dick.

"T weren't counterfeitin'. Tell yusometime, soon, what was about."

"Vary well. Come back to the envelope, then."

"You folks oughter be good judges of writin'. Put that and that together, and see what you make of them."

He pushed an open letter beside the envelope.

The officers bent closely over them for a minute.

"They are undoubtedly the same handwriting," declared Jack, in a positive manner.

"There is attempt at disguise here."

"There was in the letter, though," said Dick. "S'pose he thought nobody's save an envelope. Didn't know Dick Darling was 'bout."

"Go on, Dick. This is getting interesting."

"Got a little story to tell you," and Dick, spread himself before the three curious officers.

"You see I knowed Harry Spenser, and when I see that letter tryin' to git him snatched, I bet to myself it was writ by one of the gang—one that didn't like him. Now I happened in a stationary store in Chestnut street, a day or two afore, when a stranger come in to order some paper. He took some envelopes with him that had a curious water mark. I know they talked a good deal 'bout it, and he wanted the paper of the same kind. Jist hold that envelope ag'in the light."

"I see," said Jack: "an eagle with a serpent in his claws."

"Precise! Wonder if I won't turn out the eagle and him the snake. When Ned Hogan got the letter, I see that the envelope looked like the same; so I jist looked through it, and twigged the eagle and snake."

"And what followed?"

"I did—I followed to the stationary store, and follered him off with the paper. He shook me, but I got on a lay that pulled me through. I could he wena friend of Sol Sly, and that he wena after the same gal with Harry Spenser. And I knowed that jealousy was a reglar tiger. Been to the theater, and seen Ottheller."

"And there got your education in jealousy," suggested Jack, with a laugh.

"Got some pints," retorted Dick, in a dignified tone. "Well, I got you to write to that gentleman and 'point a interview. Only wanted his handwritin'. That's it."

"And who is Andrew Williamson?" asked Will, his eyes full of absorbing interest.

"He's a lawyer at Fourth and Walnut. And that ain't all. He's head cook of these counterfeiters, or else I'm the cheapest sold Jack that ever went off for a penny."

"You haven't told all you know?"

"Not by a jug full. I'm only waitin' to nail Andy Williamson so tight that the law can't drag him through. I know the headquarters of the gang is at Chester. I know he got a package of notes by express from Chester, which he set adrift on the market. And, finally, I know jist where the queer stuff is manufactured, and I'm only waitin' for the king bee to get in the hive afore I snatch the whole caboodle!"

Dick had risen to his feet as he approached this climax, and his last sentence was given with a grandiloquent eloquence that would have shamed the best of curb-stone orators.

"Well, if this is true," cried Hogan, with excited energy, "I'll be hanged if the boy isn't worth a dozen of us old stagers!"

"True! Got any doubt of it?" asked Dick, appealing to the government officers.

As you tell it, Dick, I feel as if you are indeed on the track," declared Jack Bounce.

"I'm on it so sound that a dozen locomotives couldn't knock me off. That's what I want Spenser's trial put off for. Want to wait till Williamson goes to Chester, and then spring the trap on the whole gang. And I want you three folks, and about half-a-dozen more, to take a hand in it. Best bring a few bullets, and a trifle of gunpowder too. It'll maybe be hot work."

"I tell you what," put in Will Frazer, quickly, "there's the steam yacht at the Navy Yard. I can get the use of that and its crew."

"That's the dodge!" cried Dick, with a joyful intonation. "Want you to bespeak it this very day. Can't tell what night we might want it. When the iron gets hot we've got to strike. And hard, too."

"All right. I shall see that it is ready."

"And now, feller-citizens," said Dick, with a comical look at his garments, "I ain't been in the bosom of my family for a week, and ain't had these trowsers off for 'bout the same time. Want to get a good holt with my boot-jack 'bout my waist, and see if I can't peel."

"Those clothes are not fit for you to wear," suggested Jack, after the laugh had subsided. "Why don't you get a new pair of pants?"

"Ain't got no generous friend in the clothin' line, responded Dick. "And money's kinder run down with me."

"Oh! that's the state of affairs! Here is a ten, Dick. Help yourself to a new rig."

Dick took the money with scant thanks, and he departed, leaving the officers in a deep consultation.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 883.)

## Stories of a Pulman Car.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

## III.

## KIDNAPPING A KIDNAPPER.

[THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.]

My business is (or was) that of a private detective—that is, I get my income by working up cases as you might say "upon my own hook." Sometimes I used to take up a case entirely on my own responsibility, maybe one that had got into the papers and some point of which struck my mind and gave me a clue that had escaped the regular detectives; often parties applied to me directly, and I have not infrequently been successful where the professionals had entirely failed. It is about a case of the latter kind I am going to tell you. Here are the circumstances:

A gentleman doing business in the city, but living with his family (consisting of an elegant and accomplished wife and a beautiful little boy) on a fine country place up the river, came home one evening to find the lady nearly distracted over the loss of her child. The little fellow had disappeared that afternoon and inquiry revealed the fact that he had been persuaded away from his companions by a gentleman who was cross-eyed and who had taken him out on the river for a row. The children who had been with him were questioned over and over again, but this was all they could tell. The matter was put into the hands of the police and every effort made to discover

the child, but months had already passed and no clue obtained.

Mr. Stuart came to me himself one morning just as I was leaving my house. He looked pale and careworn. Plainly the suspense he was in about the child was wearing upon him.

"If I could only know definitely that Arthur was dead," he said, "I think it would be a relief. But this suspense is terrible. It will kill my poor wife."

He broke down and there were tears in his eyes as he continued, "Only find my child for me, Mr. Brockton, and I'll give you any sum you name; even prove to me that he is dead and I will be thankful."

The case had interested me from the beginning, and I took it up willingly. I made Mr. Stuart go over the whole thing with me, omitting not the slightest particular. Then I went up with him to his country place and collected every bit of evidence I could find there. All was just as it had been stated already to me. The regular police; only I got hold of some little additional testimony that had escaped them. I had inquired in the neighborhood what was the nearest place to hire a row-boat, and was told I could get one only by going five miles up the river. By questioning one of the children more intelligent than the rest, I learned that the cross-eyed gentleman had come from up the river and that his boat had a blue break on it. Off I went up the river to Plimpsoll's landing where I had been directed.

Of old Plimpsoll I learned that he had had a boat with a blue streak, and had disposed of it some weeks before. He did not remember having let it out at the time of the kidnapping, but directed me to his son, Plimpsoll, jr., was a stupid kind of fellow, and I despaired of getting any information of importance from him.

To my surprise, however, no sooner did I put the question about the boat than he flushed up suddenly and then declared he remembered nothing about it. I said nothing more, but when he went out presently, I followed him and accused him up and down of having kept back something. "Well, so I did," he answered at once, "and if it's anything to you I'd just as lief tell you, only you mustn't let on to the old man. There was just such a gent as you describe took the boat one afternoon last June. The reason I denied it was because he overpaid me, and I kept the money myself."

"What did he give you?" I asked.

"He gave me two dollars—two brand-new one-dollar bills. I remember well wondering how he came by two ones, evidently just out of a bank away out in an Iowa town."

"Do you remember the name of the town?"

"No; but I should if I heard it spoken."

I took him across the street to the Post Office, asked for a list of the established Post Offices, and read over to him those in Iowa. When I came to C— he stopped me at once, and said that was the place, sure.

This was all the extra information I obtained; but to my mind it was important. Two small bills, issued by a bank in a distant town, could not have separated and then come together again in New York. They must have travelled from C— together, and to my mind it was more than probable that the man in whose possession they were in New York was he who had brought them from Iowa.

True, he might have received them from somebody else, just as young Plimpsoll did; but I chose not to think so. In a case so blind and baffling, even so slight a clue as this was not to be despised. I resolved to set off for C— at once—on a wild-goose chase, probably; but it was the only chance that seemed to offer. Mr. Stuart agreed with me that the clue should be followed up, though he had little hope of my success.

That very night I started West; three days later, early in the morning, I crossed the Mississippi into Iowa, and stopping at D— just long enough to see a lawyer, to whom I had letters, and to get an introduction from him to the Mayor of C—, I pushed on that very night. C— was a small town, directly upon one of the principal railroads. It was late at night when I got there, and I went straight to the only respectable hotel in the place, engaging a room for an indefinite period—saying that I might be there a day or a week.

The next forenoon I called upon the Mayor, representing myself as having some money which I thought of investing in Iowa lands. He took me out in his buggy to view the country, and as we were coming back at my request we stopped at the only bank in the place.

While standing there chatting with the cashier, I said carelessly, "By the way, Mr. Ringgold, I met a gentleman in the train the other day—indeed, it was he who induced me to come to C—, and he recommended your bank to me, and spoke very highly of yourself as well—do you know who he could have been—a well-dressed, gentlemanly looking person, but badly cross-eyed. He told me his name, but I forget it now. He spoke of having land to dispose of."

"Oh, you mean Jeffries," replied the cashier at once. "He flatters us all, right and left. I didn't know he was round here just now. He doesn't belong here—visits his sister, Mrs. Hammond, quite frequently, though. It must be land of hers that he has for sale."

"When did you see him last?"

"He was here a while in July. I believe he had some kind of domestic trouble, and separated from his wife. He came here to put his little boy under his sister's care."

I saw that Mr. Ringgold's curiosity was on the point of being roused, so I changed the subject as well as I could. But I had heard enough to assure me that I was in all probability on the right track.

I lost no time in cultivating Mrs. Hammond's acquaintance. I learned that she was a widow, living alone with her little nephew and one servant. I took good care to go to the Recorder's office and post myself about her property; then I presented myself to her friend gate.

I found Mrs. Hammond to be a perfect lady, and I had not talked with her five minutes before I made up my mind that, if there was any fraud, she was no party to it. I stated my pretence business, and actually entered into negotiations for the purchase of certain lands which I had already learned she was anxious to dispose of. We talked the thing over for some time, and finally I rose to go, having made an appointment to see her again on the morrow. Just as I reached the door, I turned again and inquired if a certain Mr. Jeffries whom I had met recently in New York was her brother. She answered that he was, and asked when I had met him there. I said I did not recollect exactly, but believed it was about four weeks ago. She seemed surprised.

"Why, that can hardly be," she said. "He has been at Salt Lake City since the middle of July, engaged with a mine in which he is interested."

This was just what I wanted to know. I corrected myself by saying that, now I came to think of it, it must have been in June that I met Mr. Jeffries.

"Oh, yes," she said, "he was East in June, but had not been since then."

I was just turning a second time to go, when, to my great satisfaction, a childish voice was heard in the other room, and then a door opened and there appeared to my delighted eyes—Arthur Stuart!

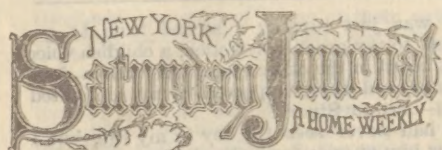
I had never seen the boy in my life, but I knew him at once from the photograph in my possession. I waited for no more, but hurried away, congratulating myself upon having thus readily, and I might say providentially, traced the stolen child, and looking forward with pardonable pride and satisfaction to the moment when I should restore him to his afflicted parents.

I went back to the hotel and telegraphed at once to Roberts. Roberts was my right-hand man, for in my business, you know, one can't always work alone. You can't be in two places at once. I told him to come on at once. What I wanted of him was to watch Arthur Stuart, while I went after Jeffries. My first impulse had been to take the boy at once back to his father. But if I did that, Jeffries would probably be informed of it, and I should lose him. So I sent for Roberts to stay by the boy and say nothing, while I went on to Salt Lake.

A week after this I found myself in a little town, right in the center of the mining district to the south of Brigham Young's imperial city. I had no difficulty at all in getting my eye on my man, but a great deal in putting my hands on him. He had a mine down there, I was told, and with a gang of men, worked it himself. He very rarely, if ever, came up to town. So at first I cautiously went down in the character of a gentleman traveling for pleasure, and inspecting the country.

Jeffries was pointed out to me, and I recognized him without difficulty.





Published every Monday morning at 9 o'clock.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1877.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canada Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

**Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:**  
One copy, four months - \$1.00  
One year - 3.00  
Two copies, one year - 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at the expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any date.

**PAID NOTICE.**—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never inclose the currency, except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of remittance. Losses by mail will be most surely avoided if these directions are followed.

Communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to  
BEADLE & ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,  
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

## MR. BADGER'S NEW SERIAL, THE CALIFORNIANS;

OR, THE  
Rivals of the Valley of Gold.

A ROMANCE OF FEATHER RIVER.

Commencing in the Next Number.

A wild, strange story of the wild, strange days of '54, when the Frenzy of Gold possessed all classes, converting respectable men into furries, and leading them into adventures, antagonisms and tests of endurance that lined the rough hills of Northern California with thousands of nameless graves. The author seems to have participated in this madness, since he paints it with startling power; and making a reality of the fabled Valley of Gold, he weaves around it both the romance and fact of a story that excites the deepest attention of every reader. The

Queer, Outlandish Gospel George,  
The Hill-Bandit, Fiery Fred,  
The Missouri Giant Brothers,  
The Secret Gold-Seekers,  
The Spaniard Land Claimant,  
The Beautiful Senorita Inez,  
Paquita, the Beauty of the Hills,  
Minnie, the Love-Lorn,

are some of the persons involved in the remarkable drama that centers in and around that fabled valley, which a wondrous nugget reveals. There are really three trains of incident and purpose, which, acting separately, bring the actors together, and with most singular results, of wealth, vengeance and the solution of mystery.

It is a story for all to read and enjoy thoroughly, and will be rated, one of the best serials of the year.

## Sunshine Papers.

### Where the Difference Is.

THERE is a radical difference, somewhere, between the moral characteristics of men and women; and I am inclined to believe that it may be explained by accepting the hypothesis of a preponderance of soul on the male side. Women have nerves, and feelings, and whims, and creeds, and presentiments; but souls—bah! Any man of ordinary intelligence has more soul than six women of his same grade in life!

Now, mind, I am speaking of men and women as two distinct bodies; not of them individually; exceptions prove rules good, and, no doubt, an occasional whole-souled, generous, liberal, large-spirited woman does exist; but, dealing in generalities, how do women compare with men in all those moral attributes that prove the existence of a genial, loyal, unselfish, kindly spirit?

Ask a woman if she thinks another woman beautiful, or attractive, or lovable, or good. Will she concede the point, freely, warmly, unhesitatingly? Never! A feminine soul is too narrow to concede unqualified praise to one of its own sex; if praise is awarded at all it will be with a "but" in the case. Oh, yes; she is nice, but— To find a woman who has good taste, or is accomplished, or is entertaining, never inquire of a woman; you will be sure not to hear the truth. Ask a man concerning a man, and instead of hearing him defame, or spoken of with suggestive indifference or contempt, you will get a just description or a flattered one. Men have among their own sex their warmest defenders and admirers; for they are not afraid to acknowledge of each other the possession of beauty, brains, and uprightness.

Has a woman who has committed any moral or social misdemeanor, ever a chance to redeem her past, however sincere her repentance may be? Never! The stain must always cling to her, and blight her every effort to regain position and success and respect, for no one of her own sex who has ever heard of her, will allow her to forget it. And if she seek to live among strangers the purer future she could not attain among acquaintances, and a breath of her past fault to the ears of her neighbors, she is immediately crushed with womanly scorn and unkindness. Men would help her, and accord her the restored favor and charity she seeks, but man's esteem is only a detrimental element when their wives and daughters refuse to countenance their divine generosity.

But a man can come back to the social world from the walls of a prison, the stain of cold, calculating, deliberate crime attached to his name, and find his brother men ready to "give him another chance." There will be open roads to every kind of success awaiting the man who has erred, for he deals with men, and men have souls; but the woman who has once deviated from the straight path of probity and honor had better pray for Divine compassion and speedy death; women are her judges and foes, and there can be none so merciless and cruel.

Was there ever, between women, such friendships as exist between men and men? A man who is a man's friend once, is always to a degree, held in sacred memory. He may be disloyal, but he will be defended and his faults forgotten. But, let a woman offend her woman friend, and no confidences that have ever passed between them but will be violated and misrepresented, and no hatred will be more implacable.

Do you displease a man, a friend or employer, he says what there is to say upon the subject, and the matter is put away and forgotten; but if you cross the will or pleasure of a woman she makes you as uncomfortable as possible, as long as possible, and never forgets the circumstance, but uses it as an effective taunt on every succeeding occasion of difference.

This strange disparity between men and women, as regard their moral attributes, must, I repeat, arise from a lack of soul in the feminine sex, which renders it impossible for them to rise above petty jealousies, envyings, meanesses, and bigotries. But having found the cause of the difference, who will attempt a cure? A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## A NEIGHBORLY NEIGHBOR.

HAVING told you of my unneighborly neighbor, it is but just to introduce her opposite, and show that the remembrance of kindness and gentleness to a child will live as long as those of a contrary nature. My neighborly neighbor was, to me, one of the comforts of my young life. She seemed to believe in children, and that they had their rights as well as grown people. She always treated me as though I was of some consequence in the world—was always glad to see me—and made my visits to her so pleasant that I was ever glad to go again.

She didn't "snub" me. I never liked to have people "snub" me. I don't now!

She was poor, but she wasn't continually and eternally growling over that poverty, as though every one in created nature was to blame for it. And she was thankful for all that was given her. "Just exactly what I wanted," was always her pleasant reply upon receiving a gift, and surely, to hear such pleasant words uttered in so pleasant a manner, were thanks enough.

She always seemed to enter into my joys and sorrows—children do have their sorrows—and would tell me of the days when she was young. She seldom gave advice, but when she did it was good, sound, sensible and practicable. She wanted to persuade, rather than to drive people into good behavior. She was a sufferer at times from severe sickness, and when people would visit her, with coffin-like faces, and drone forth on the miseries of life and the afflictions put upon humanity, she would appear to draw the coffin-nails out by saying, "Well, let us not complain; it will not last forever."

No, it will not last forever! There will come a time when there shall be no more pain, suffering, sin or poverty; but it will be in a brighter world than this.

My neighborly neighbor believed in the beauties of the world. She could love poetry, music and painting without considering such things beyond her reach because she was poor, and she could love flowers without being accused of making idols of them.

She was religious, but her religion did not teach her that she was better than anyone else; it did not teach her that God would chide her because her disposition was cheerful and her heart was full of merriment—merriment that does not mean foolishness.

And now let me tell you about another thing concerning this dear friend of my childhood. She had never been married. Yes, she was an "old-maid," and that must go to prove that some old-maids can be as happy as wives and mothers. You may think she would have been happier had her lot been with some good man. Had you known her you would not have thought so. She was contented, and content is happiness, you must acknowledge; are all wives contented? I don't think riches would have made her more contented. So, my dear friends, don't be too hasty to get rich and to get married. Poverty and old-maidism are not the worst things in this world; they do not contribute all the misery of this mundane sphere any more than wealth and matrimony are certain to insure the happiness of mortality.

My friend made but few visits, for the state of her health would not allow her to do so, but when she did make them they were pleasant ones, for she wasn't always finding fault. She entered into another's feelings at once, and never found fault with the bridge that carried her over. I used to think if she was so beautiful in her old age, what must she have been in her youth. Maybe it was her disposition that made her face seem so beautiful to me. A sour disposition makes a sour face, I think, and vice versa, don't you think so?

When she died I felt grieved for my loss but glad for her gain. I have never had any but pleasant thoughts of her, since some of the most pleasant hours of my life were passed in her company. Had she lived, she would have been a very old woman now, but to me she would never seem older.

She had naught to leave but her good name, but I wish I could have inherited her disposition, so that, as I go down the incline of life, I shall be as patient, willing and resigned as she was. Her name? It is written in the great Book of Life, in the Heaven where I hope you and I will see it, some day. I know it must be among the brightest on the pages. It has always seemed to me to belong more to Heaven than to earth, hence I name it not. It is her disposition I want you to have.

How great a contrast I can see between my two neighbors—the unneighborly and neighborly. Of all memories none are more disagreeable than the former, and none more sweet than the latter, for it was her life that was worth the living.

Ah, if we would lead as good a one, it would be better for the world, yourself and  
EVE LAWLESS.

A TRAVELER, who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful fable which was told him by a dervish, and it seems even more beautiful than Sterne's beautiful figures of the accusing spirit and recording angel.

"Every man," said the dervish, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is well done is well done forever. When he does evil he waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows his head and exclaims: 'Gracious Allah, I have sinned, forgive me!' the angel rubs out the record; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the beloved angel on the right shoulder weeps."

## Foolsap Papers.

### Cook Book.

AMONG my recent valuable contributions to literature my new Cook Book is the best. It is very highly exciting, and is selling at the rate of ten hundred to the thousand, or as fast as booksellers can make the change. It is certainly one of the blessings of the age. Everything that a hungry soul needs is to be found there, and if starving tramps can only get hold of the book they are amply satisfied. The mere reading of it is as good as a feast. Landladies have ordered dozens of copies of it and are making more money than ever. All they have to do is to put one at each plate and there is no need of scraping up hash. The boarders take their seats at the table, open the book and begin to read—they read until they are satisfied and then go away picking their teeth, with more in their stomachs than they have been in the habit of having. The landlady does not charge them extra either, and they have assured me that as yet they have had but few thoughts of raising the board soon.

Such charming reading does this book afford that it has almost stopped the sale of exciting novels and romances, and people are so anxious to get it that some of them actually steal it.

I am afraid I will have much to answer for that book. The powers in the present European war have ordered barrels of the books expressly for the commissary departments. Industrious young ladies lay aside their work at the piano just to read it, and wives almost neglect to sew a button on, or darn a sock in their avidity to gobble it.

This book is excellent when cold, and differs in many respects from all other cook books, and will not spoil in any climate. It is bound in veal. One copy, three dollars; two copies, ten dollars; three copies, twenty dollars; no copy, thirty dollars. Agents wanted.

One hundred dollars a day made in your own town. I offer a few of the extracts. These receipts are all practicable, as I gathered them up while boarding around. They all are warranted to cure the worst case of dyspepsia in two minutes, and one man writes that the book gave his poor relatives all such appetites that he is now raving mad.

TO MAKE HASH.—Borrow fifty cents and get a roast of beef for once in your life. Order your husband to make a hot fire in the kitchen. Chase the kittens out and put the meat on to boil; dance at the looking-glass to see how much you have changed for the better since you looked at yourself the last time; put more wood in the stove and look over the latest fashion magazine; lie down and take a short nap, and wake up and thrash the children; peel some potatoes, and ask your husband about that new dress which he has not promised yet. Try the meat with a fork; if done cut off a good slice and eat it. Take the meat out, put in wooden bowl with the potatoes, hunt all over the house for chopping-knife; send your husband out to saw wood, and chop the mass up thoroughly. If there are any old buckles or hairpins in take them out—they dull the knife; comb it; add seasoning; yell at husband for more wood. I've left onions out of the receipt, but don't leave them out of the hash. Wipe your face on your apron, and stew the hash until husband gets tired of waiting and begins to growl; give him a lecture and serve hot. (Don't tell this to anybody.)

WHITEHOT CAKE.—Take one quart cornmeal if you have it; beat three eggs all to pieces—chickens or no chickens; smile sweetly and look as pleasant as you can; borrow pint of sour-milk of your neighbor; tell your visitor who comes in that you have the best husband in the world; create considerable of a stir in the mess; add some saleratus and lard; kiss your husband sweetly; put in some salt; stir the fire yourself and put into the oven to bake. I was raised six feet on that kind of cake—pome my honor.

TO MAKE CUSTARD PIES.—Send husband all around town for eggs and wait patiently till he happens to come back; break one or two over his head; pull off the shells of three or four; beat them until they yell enough; get your crock of cream; drink a pint of it to see if it is sweet; add cup of sugar, taking care to remove the lumps and eat them; look out the window to see that strange lady passing; put in nutmeg and spice, and do up your back-hair; then get your crust ready; take a look out of the front-door; come back and chase the child away from drinking the custard; make up your pies and put them in the oven which is heated seven times colder than hot, as is usually the case; tramp on the dog's tail and fix the fire; bake till done, then set them on the window to cool, where the children can get at them when you go into the other room to begin when you left off in that last novel you borrowed. (This receipt is a profound secret; so you may divulge it to your neighbor.)

PINT CAKE.—Take one pint flour, one pint sugar, one pint of very weak butter—not strong, one pint of eggs—never mind shells, pint of salt; pint of raisins to raise it, and bake in the neighborhood of a fire.

OYSTERS will soon spoil if you open the can, therefore you should eat them without opening the can—if you can.

GOOSEBERRY-JAM.—Take one spoonful of gooseberries; add one quart sugar, then put in a little sweetening; gill of water; something to remove the sour; put them on the stove to stew and put in a cup of sugar to make them palatable; stir awhile and add a pint of molasses to remove the acidity, and a cup of sugar if you have it handy; boil ten minutes, and in case they may not be sweet, drop in some sugar and run away; come back and taste to see how sour they are and put in some saccharine matter; sweeten to suit the taste, and serve with plenty of sugar.

LIGHT BISCUIT.—Make them so small that they won't weigh sixteen ounces to the pound nor count twelve to the dozen.

TO MAKE BETTER COFFEE.—Boil the coffee mill ten minutes; there may be some little coffee in it, and you will have better coffee than you are usually having.

TO MAKE MINCE PIES.—Get your mince-meat ready; pour out a small wine-glass of brandy; set it on the table; get your pie made; put on the top crust and forget to put in the brandy; don't throw it out; I really can't tell you what you should do with it. Don't waste it. If I was there we might hold a council of war over it, but don't swallow the glass—don't!

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

THERE is a touching beauty in the radiant look of a girl just commencing her journey through the checkered space of womanhood. It is all dew-sparkle and morning-glory to her buoyant spirit, as she presses forward exulting in blissful anticipations. But the withering heat of the conflict of life creeps on; the dewdrops exhale; the garlands of hope, scattered and dead, strew the path; and too often, ere noon, the brow and sweet smile are exchanged for the weary look of one longing for the twilight, the night.

## Topics of the Time.

—In the Black Hills greenbacks are worth eleven dollars more on the hundred than gold dust.

—The Russian naval flag is a purple St. Andrew's cross on a white ground. The Turkish white crescent on a red ground.

—The pay of all the Government employees at Constantinople has been reduced 50 per cent. till the war is over.

—The King of Spain, it is now reported, will be married to his cousin, Maria de las Mercedes, the daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, in October. The young lady has just completed her seventeenth year, and the King of Spain is three years her senior.

—In Paris there is a local charity which distributes clean sheets once a month among poor families, taking away those used the previous month. It is proposed to extend the favor to a general loaning of clean clothing, the charity being really in effect a free laundry.

—The large foreign trade of California in fruits and wines becomes no mystery when it is known that the State has 3,890,000 fruit trees and 35,000,000 grapevines, and harvests from 300,000,000 to 500,000,000 pounds of fruit yearly. She produces a large surplus, and foreign trade follows, as a matter of course.

—The Russian shores of the Black Sea are infested by a plague of venomous spiders, whose bite causes pain for several days, and in some cases is even fatal. It is supposed that a diminution of the birds and insects which ordinarily feed on these animals has caused their appearance in such numbers.

—A young man being attacked by Indians near Fort Fetterman, took a position in a place that was surrounded by rocks, and defended himself for two days. He was wounded thirteen times, and at last killed. A photograph of a girl inscribed "Mamie" was the only thing found on him by which he may be identified.

—Dr. Erasmus Wilson, the first authority in England on cutaneous disorders, has been investigating the number of hairs in a square inch of the human head, and estimates that there are on an average about 1,000. Taking the superficial area of the head at 120 square inches, this gives about 120,000 hairs for the entire head.

—A young lady in Newton County, Georgia, is possessed by a strange monomania. She fancies herself a baby, and has not spoken a word in seven years, although her powers of conversation used to be of an order higher than the average. Notwithstanding this absurd hallucination, she is inconsistent enough to read the Bible and write letters.

—Steamers plying the Yellowstone at a good stage of water can run up to the coal and put out a plank to a bed where thousands of tons of lumber and perfectly available. Boats returning empty from the upper waters can take on two or three hundred tons in a few hours, and by utilizing this deposit there may be made a large saving to the Government with little labor and at trifling expense.

In the last twenty-one years the Sydney mint in Australia has coined and issued more than 37,000,000 sovereigns, and the Melbourne mint has coined and issued nearly 7,000,000 sovereigns since it was opened to the public in 1872. These two branch mints together coined and issued in 1876 as many as 3,337,000 sovereigns, which is a larger number than the sovereigns coined in the year at the mint in London.

A newspaper correspondent writes from Nantucket that there are on the island many families, consisting of four or five members, who rent nice houses, and have their own gardens, and live in happiness and contentment on a round of one dollar a day; in not a few cases, for seventy-five to ninety cents a day. This includes food, clothing, and everything, even schooling for the children, who are carefully brought up.

—In that part of the Black Forest belonging to the Grand Duchy of Baden, lies the pretty district of Koenigsfeld, containing 410 inhabitants. During fifty years there have been in it no crimes nor misdemeanors of any sort—neither transgressions of the police regulations, nor sheriff's sales, nor illegitimate births, nor divorces, nor lawsuits of any kind. Moreover, in these last fifty years at Koenigsfeld no one has ever got drunk or stretched out a hand to beg.

—Mr. J. R. Pierce, of Newport, New Hampshire, has adopted a form of telephone whose simplicity and cheapness brings it within the reach of all who desire such a contrivance. He has made two tin drums, one for each end of the route, which are connected by a linen string reaching from his shop to his dwelling house, a distance of forty rods. Ordinary conversation at the house can be distinctly heard at the shop, and vice versa. Music from a violin and other instruments can also be transmitted without the loss of a single note.

—There are 14,441 persons in England members of the Society of Friends. Last year they numbered 14,253, so that they have slightly increased of late. Of 95 members who married last year, 40 were united to persons not belonging to their society, and these mixed marriages are probably not favorable to the perpetuation of Quakerdom. There is one fact worthy of note respecting Quakers, namely, that they are a long-lived race. The rate of mortality among them is remarkably low—only 18 per 1,000 for the last year.

—Loom Hing, a brother of Ah Wing, a Baltimore Irishman whose pig-tail was pulled by an Irish soldier, deposited and said: "Sheja man, he no nothing only come upon 'n my lie bulla hip um fo; nylles bulla say nolling, does nolling; Mellican man 'e welle dam fooler; Ah Wing say 'Mellican man no kill Chinaman'; he no mine; my bulla kly find policeman take 'um wash'—allie light now!" The Irishman's testimony took the form of invective. "It's a purty party that the country's comin' to when a free American citizen, an a sojour to boot, that cum tu fite fur ye, kante have a bit uv a shindy wid a haythee. Chinese widout going to the lockup fur it."

—Mr. Darwin's life is a comfortable one—he has never been obliged to fight poverty and has had plenty of leisure in which to follow his chosen studies. He married his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, and they live in the lovely County of Kent. Mr. Darwin's eldest son, Mr. William Darwin, is a banker at Southampton; the second, George, took high honors at Cambridge and is now a Fellow of Trinity; the third, Frank, who has inherited his father's ill-health, acts as his secretary; the fourth, Leonard, is an officer in the artillery, and distinguished himself as one of the scientific corps sent to observe the transit of Venus; the fifth, Horace, is an excellent mathematician. One married and one unmarried daughter complete a family whose constant care is to relieve its head of all possible trouble or anxiety.

—The eclipse (partial) of the sun, Aug. 8, was invisible in this country save to the inhabitants of Alaska. An interesting feature in regard to this eclipse is its relation to two eclipses that shortly follow. When the moon goes subsequently half way around in her orbit, she must come squarely into the earth's shadow, and consequently there will be a total eclipse of the moon (visible here) Aug. 23. When she completes her revolution round the earth, she will again eclipse the sun, but her apparent position to a spectator in this latitude would then be just below the sun; though, as before, the dark side of the moon being turned to us, she would be invisible. But the moon being then below instead of above the sun, the partial solar eclipse of Sept. 6, will be visible only off the lower part of the South American coast, and in South Polar regions. Three eclipses within one month's time are certainly quite as much as anybody has a right to expect; there will be none afterward till next February.

## Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "An Old Man's Darling," "For Life or Death," "Hope," "Moonlight," "The Feast of Hands," "Mary Mason's Conversion," "Old but New," "A Fanny."

Rejected: "Kiss Me, Darling," "Lake Winnebago," "To the Stars," "The Song of the Squaw," "Too Late," "A Summer Past," "The Squaw's Lament," "Purse or Heart," "A Kissing Scrap," "Joe Ball," "Milk, lemon-juice, or weak sulphuric acid. Also, solution of opiate."

Mr. R. Poems really are too crude. You must study the art of verse before you can hope for success.

B. W. The poet's, we believe, are copied, and badly copied, too. If they really are yours, then they are good poems.

ROY SINGER. The song referred to was written by Mr. Rexford for this paper, and its use is a violation of our copyright.

Geo. C. The oxide of tin, or any oxide, can be dissolved, not by the acids, but by alkali. Take caustic soda. No alcohol necessary.

SESSION C. The same rules govern religious conventions that govern other assemblies. For Rules of Order and Directions for Organizing Conventions, etc., see BRADLEY'S DIRECTIONS AND CHAIRMAN'S GUIDE—a very complete and eminently practical manual.

FARD W. Poem will have to pass to the unaccepted list; it is evidently "in the rough." You write very well for one of your age and with such slight schooling. Try ever so hard to obtain one or two years' study—May 10th, 1883, came on Sunday.

WILLIE. A lady is not expected to make advances, and the gentleman is. He is even justified in being persistent, where the lady shows a slight disinclination to his advances, for only thus can he give assurance of his earnestness and devotion. If she lays only a slight restraint on your coming, the way is open; go forward and secure your prize.

LEAZE. When waiting upon a table, everything should be passed to a guest upon the left side; the reason is obvious—the right hand is thus left entirely unrestricted. It is not polite for any person to leave the table until all are through, except for an urgent reason, and after being excused by the company that remains.

MOULIE V. S. asks if we think it is nice for a young lady to be always coming to her friends, concerning what they do and say, no matter on what occasion. No; when a person gets into the habit of continually correcting persons, they soon make themselves obnoxious to all their acquaintances. It is best only to suggest corrections, and only by request.

L. M. "Lady Audley's Secret" is given as a double number (the) of the First Series. Others of Miss Braddon's works will follow in the same admirable series. So long as your friend has not mentioned your name to the gentleman, it rests with you to accept or refuse the proffer. It is pleasant to have such offers, even if they must be, for any reason, refused; they are a compliment to your worth.

Wm. L. C. Torches are usually of resinous (yellow pine) knots or sticks. They are also made of birch bark and pine silvers—"Death Watch" is No. 7 of New York Library (just out). The persons named are one and the same. No serial has been promised by the author referred to. He is now a confirmed invalid, and probably will write no more—certainly not soon. We publish his best works in book form.

CHAS. C. All countries are tempered according to latitude and altitude above the sea. Cuba is a "hot" country, and at present not a desirable place for a working man. Brazil is a vast country, stretching from the equator to 30 deg. south latitude. Rio de Janeiro, its capital, is 23 deg. We should say it was the capital of the state, if it were bound to emigrate; but don't you think this country is wide enough to give you a living?

A. B. C. Apply to your Congressman. If he fails to supply as he probably will, for it is his gain to sell the books surreptitiously, apply direct to the several departments. You may not then be sure of a favorable answer, but it is your only course. The New York City and County Libraries second-hand book stores are full of government publications, which they have bought at a nominal price from Congressmen—a piece of petty robbery that is a disgrace to our country.

ISAAC E. S. The censure dealt out by your employer, in the presence of others, was a disgraceful treatment; but was it "unjust"? No clerk has any right to be brusque or insensitive to any customer. The poor, humble, sensible, and contented man, who is bound to emigrate, but don't you think this country is wide enough to give you a living?

MARGARET asks: "Is it proper for a man to walk up to another man, a stranger, in a public place, and ask for 'a light'?" It is, but it is, but a gentleman friend declares that it is; and we agreed to leave the matter to you. Custom has made it quite the correct thing for a gentleman to ask, "Will you kindly give me a light, sir?" of any man he may meet smoking; and it would be extremely ill-bred for the person accosted not to stop and comply with the request. You see, it is not one of those matters concerning which your friend knew better than you.

REGESTER M. Yours of "three or four weeks ago" did not reach us. We try to answer all inquiries promptly.—The mole can be removed by any surgeon. It has no tendency to grow, and is the way of good or ill fortune; nor is there the slightest meaning or importance to be attached to given birthdays. The cure for the filthy habit of using tobacco is—to let it alone, just as you would avoid any vice. Your chronicle is too given to flourish for a book-keeper. Nothing is so common as to find a set of books in the counting-room but severely plain penmanship—each letter perfectly formed.

Mrs. J. S. R. Your "defense" is well enough in spirit and intent, but weak, we fear, in its logic. If there is no such thing as a literary style, why, crude and unrefined in verse might find favor; but poetic art is as established as dramatic art or the printer's art, and writers of verse, of necessity, must be amenable to the canons of that art, as determined by the writers of all ages. Therefore, all critics and editors are justified in insisting that every contributor should write in a style as simple as the theme or homely the thought, shall violate neither the laws of versification nor the forms of beauty in expression that distinguish poetry from prose.

EDGAR M. writes: "Will you help me out of a scrape? I am rather fond of ladies' society, and have been used to waiting on them quite freely, but without a thought of meaning anything serious. One lady, who is very young, has always shown such attachment for me that I have visited her a great deal, and even thought of marrying her. But lately some friends picked out a young lady for my wife, and when we met her she was so lovely, and I am engaged to her, and the time for our marriage is set; but the other girl still regards me as her lover, and I do not know the wisest way to tell her of my present intentions, and so get rid of her. What ought I to do?"—We are inclined to believe that you ought to marry her. No doubt you have won and encouraged her love. If you are determined to marry number two, however, your immediate duty is to see number one and truthfully lay before her the whole affair, as she is a sensible girl, she will soon get herself well out of it.

MYRTLE DEXTER, Rhinebeck, asks: "Will you tell me what I must do to retain a good head of hair? Does it make any difference whether I braid it or have it hanging loose? Is there any simple stuff to use on the eyebrows come in every form, and is very pretty, and what must I do to make myself attractive to both gentlemen and ladies?—Use no stimulants, pomatums, nor any of the kind, and upon your hair; never use a fine comb upon it, nor any comb more than you can help. The brush, a moderately stiff one, is the proper article where-with to dress the hair. Morning and afternoon give it a careful and thorough brushing; also at night, before retiring, brush it out smoothly and braid loosely and loosely. Keep your scalp clean by washing it once every fortnight with tepid or cold water, to which a teaspoonful of two of ammonia has been added. This semi-monthly washing should never be neglected; do not comb until the hair is entirely dry, then commence at the ends and advance toward the roots of the hairs by degrees. The bath, one hundred vigorous strokes a day with a stiff brush, and careful combing, and a monthly clipping of the ends, should keep your hair thick, long, healthy and beautiful.—Wear it in any becoming style, but avoid using rough pins and tight strings.—Five grains of the sulphate of quinine in an ounce of alcohol, daily applied to the eyebrows with a camel's hair brush, will stimulate their growth. Study to be an interesting conversationalist; read much in the daily, weekly and monthly periodicals of the day—the best ones—and be ready to talk on the common topics; be generous, charitable, affable, kind and considerate of others' happiness and feelings, and you will be attractive."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.



## CHANGED.

BY HARRIET MARCEL SPALDING.

Upon the silver lake we sailed,  
Touched with the flush of golden noon,  
While sweetest roses lay unrolled  
Beneath the glowing smiles of June.

How fond is memory to-night!  
Again I see you as of old—  
Deep eyes illumined with radiance bright,  
Fair brow engarlanded with gold.

Clasped hands that o'er the lilies lay  
Folded in musings pure and sweet;  
While, torn in careless sport and gay,  
Were the crushed lilies at your feet.

'Tis past! 'tis past! No more your smiles  
Shall wake the throbbings sweet of yore,  
For one has won with winning wiles  
The heart that beats for me no more!

Now, where the sunlight gilds the lands,  
I see a barque go floating by,  
And in the fair and girlish hands  
The careless water lilies lie.

How gleams the sunlight on the shore,  
As on that fair and golden noon,  
With life and beauty beaming o'er,  
The glory of the dreamy June!

And, gliding down the silver lake,  
The floating barque recedes from view;  
While gently now the shadows break,  
As o'er the once-loved scene I knew.

And musing thus, I stand and wait  
Until the pensive scene is o'er,  
And watch the dimly shining moit  
Upon the hazy, dreaming shore.

## A Mother's Reward.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Of all days that had come in balmy sunshine and fresh breezes during that lovely autumn weather there had been none fairer than the one Mrs. Pontifx had chosen for her fete, and as she stood in the door of the gay marquee from which flags were flying, and looked out on the wide expanse of velvety, tree-dotted lawn, where merry picturesque groups were playing croquet, where other groups were sauntering under the leafy foliage that spread so coolly and wide; where she could see fountains playing and statuary gleaming, and fairy-like children dashing and romping along in their white dresses and bright sashes, Mrs. Pontifx congratulated herself on the day, the scene, and the general grand success of her entertainment.

She was still standing there—a large, handsome woman of thirty-five, looking almost regal in her black satin trailing dress, when Miss Rutherford sailed up to her—a tall, haughty girl, in azalea-colored lawn.

"Dear Mrs. Pontifx, please do send some of the servants to drive a couple of boys off the grounds—horrid, dirty Italian boys, with violins." Mrs. Pontifx raised her eyebrows in quiet, awful dignity.

"Straggling musicians inside the gates! I do not see where Hawkins could have been to have permitted it. Where is Alice, Miss Rutherford—have you seen her?"

For Alice Pontifx was the only daughter—the only child and sole heiress to the family—a pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl of seven, for whom the juvenile portion of the croquet fete had been considerably invited.

"Alice! Yes, I saw her with Bertie Carlyn and Hattie May going toward those dirty little beggars. That is one reason why I came to speak to you, Mrs. Pontifx."

And, sure enough, when Mrs. Pontifx reached the designated spot—a beautifully picturesque place on the margin of a small rippling lakelet, shaded by lofty, well-trimmed elms, and with a turreted wall like thickest cut emerald, raised—sure enough, there among the daintily-dressed, haughty-headed youngsters, headed by Alice Pontifx, radiant in embroidered muslin and pale blue silken sash, with her long lustrous hair tied with blue ribbon and flowing below her waist in a rippling, half-curling mass of fairest gold, with her dainty pale blue silken hose, and low, graceful slippers—there, so near to Mrs. Pontifx's sacredly-guarded treasure that they might have touched her, were two Italian boys, perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age—slim, gaunt boys, with clear olive complexions, and shining, lustrous, curling hair as ebony as a raven's wing, and eyes of melting, exquisite darkness and seriousness.

Boys with a look on their faces and in their eyes that showed how cruelly ill fate had been, and was, to them—expressions of countenance that told of fatigue and hunger, gestures of their fragile figures that bespoke weakness and weary discouragement; clothes that told their poverty.

Mrs. Pontifx's haughty, almost insolent tones, arrested the preliminary tuning of their violins.

"We don't want any of your music here. Leave the grounds at once, or I will have you arrested as vagrants."

The elder of the two made a low bow in the very face of the lady's displeasure.

"The signora will let us play a little—we want bread—no money—no money—only one little crumb of bread and a drop of water."

"I told you to be off. Alice, darling, yonder goes Hawkins—run, tell him to come here."

The boy turned wistfully toward the child.

"Little signorina—only a piece of—"

"How dare you!" shrieked Mrs. Pontifx—"how dare you speak to that child!"

His dark eyes flashed then, and he turned toward his companion.

"Come, Otto—come. There is no pity here; we are starving; we must get food somehow. Come. Lady, we meant no harm."

"Of course not!—of course not! Nevertheless, as suspicious characters I feel it my duty to hand you over to the police. Hawkins, these boys evidently came in to steal, but fortunately there has been no opportunity."

The younger boy clasped his thin, trembling hands entreatingly.

"No! no! We never steal—never in our life! Carlo play, and I play and sing for money for bread; we never steal!"

Alice looked amusedly at him, then turned to her mother with a disgusted, cruel look on her pretty young face.

"Mamma, he's going to cry! The idea of a boy crying! The nasty, dirty crybaby! He was going to steal—and the big one, too, I know, for I saw him looking at my chain and sash-pin!"

Hawkins had them collared by this time, the smaller of the two writhing in the strong grasp, and imploring his liberty, protesting his innocence and bewailing his fate in a breath; while the elder, with a flash almost of defiance from his black eyes, haughtily submitted to the indignity.

So they were led away, while Mrs. Pontifx and Miss Rutherford exchanged their indignant views of the affair, and little Alice's silver laughter chimed out in derision and cruel delight.

"Carl Leonti! What a romantic name! And Ethel says he is far handsomer than his name is odd pretty."

Alice Pontifx threw back her golden-haired head—a pretty, graceful trick she had—and looked eagerly, interestedly at her mother.

"Yes," said Mrs. Pontifx—still almost as stately, handsome a woman at forty-six, as when we saw her last at thirty-five; "yes, Mr. Leonti is decidedly the rage, and as dear Ethel says, remarkably handsome. It is established beyond doubt or gainsay that he is independently wealthy, and people do say he is a direct descendant of an Italian nobleman. I feel it quite the mode to have him on our soirees; and, besides, he is a perfectly divine musician—equally at home on the piano and violin and organ."

Alice Pontifx had grown into a beautiful girl—that is, beautiful as an exquisite rose-leaf complexion, shiny blue eyes, and vivid gold hair, good style and handsome toilettes could make her. But she had been spoiled and petted and indulged, until it had come to pass that she never was happy unless in a whirl of mad extremes, or in the enjoyment of her wildest caprices.

And just now, fortunately, her present caprice suited her mother, and Carl Leonti was all the rage in the Pontifx family, as well as in many others; and Alice Pontifx went on from admiration to adoration; and before she had long been under the influence of Carl Leonti's handsome, passionate eyes, where smoldered fires burned, she had given him all her heart.

Mr. Carl Leonti took up an exquisite little bouquet of flowers—great double white violets, and bluish-hearted rosebuds, almond-scented oleander-buds, and sprays of lemon-geraniums, and his handsome eyes lighted and his mustache moved in a smile as he read the card attached by a white silken cord—a card that bore the name of Miss Alice Pontifx.

"I wonder if she has such a good memory as I have? I wonder if she remembers the day, eleven years ago, when she helped to send my brother Otto and I to the disgrace that killed him! I remember it, well, and here today, Miss Alice is chiefest among the crowd that pour their adulation on me, the child of fame and fortune!"

He leaned his handsome head on his hand, his black eyes looking with calm thoughtfulness at the exquisite little offering sent by beauty's own hand.

Then, he suddenly threw it on the floor, and in another second would have trampled on it in the violence of the impulse that seized him. Instead, he smiled and pinned a rosebud and a violet from it, to his coat, but the smile was cold as ice, merciless as if caused by electricity on the face of a dead man.

"Mamma!"

Alice Pontifx's voice was unusually positive and decided—authoritative though it usually was.

Her mother looked up from a novel she was enjoying in the luxury of a robe-de-chambre, on the spring lounge of her dressing-room.

"It's about—Mr. Leonti I want to speak, mamma! He comes and goes, and pays me such positive attentions, and wears my flowers, and never waltzes with any one but me—and yet, mamma, he says nothing."

There were decided woe and misery in the girl's voice—a misery of woe that was sufficient evidence of how deeply this handsome olive-skinned fellow had interested her. Mrs. Pontifx looked interestedly at her idol.

"I cannot see what the reason is that he does not propose. He certainly admires you, for I have seen as much myself. As you say, he has been exclusive in his attentions to you, and I've really no doubt that many people consider you engaged secretly. There can possibly be but one reason for his delay, my dear—and I rather admire him for it. He feels suitably the difference between your position and his own—you the daughter of the Pontifxes, and he—handsome enough, fascinating, rich enough, but after all, only a popular tenor and musician."

Mrs. Pontifx softly smoothed down the bands of blue velvet on her white alpaca dressing-gown, and looked really very contented and self-satisfied—much more so than Alice, whose blue eyes were shining, and on whose cheeks the warm red glow was fluttering.

"Mamma, do you think that is the reason he has not spoken? Oh, mamma, if Carl Leonti does not tell me he loves me, if he does not ask me to be his wife, I shall die! I believe I would quicker kill myself and him, than have him not care for me. Mamma, I love him so!"

Mrs. Pontifx looked entreatingly at her daughter.

"Alice, my darling! you must not talk so! Mr. Leonti surely knows that it is almost audacity for him to aspire to your hand; but, my dear—it shall be arranged for you. All great families have the privilege of arranging such affairs when the daughter is to be wedded—noblesse oblige, you know."

And so it happened, that one morning after one evening when Carl Leonti had been unusually tender and devoted to pretty Alice, and his dark eyes had looked things unutterable in hers, until the girl's heart had throbbled fast and fierce in exquisite delight and anticipation—so it happened the morning after that special evening, that the grand Pontifx barouche was drawn up in stately array in front of Carl Leonti's door in glitter of gold harness and shine of glossy-coated horses and bravery of liveried servants. While inside, Mrs. Pontifx, the representative of one of the "greatest families" in Gotham, talked with Carl Leonti and offered him her daughter, with all the pomp and pride and dignity she could command.

And Leonti stood courteously listening, his handsome face grave and respectful, his soft, beautiful eyes looking unflinchingly in her self-satisfied face as she stated to him her admiration for his reticence on the subject, considering the position of the family into which it was esteemed such an honor to go—into which he was asked to go.

And when she had said her graceful say, and sat awaiting her answer, with the air of a sovereign who knows that she has but to express her opinions to have them religiously, promptly, delightedly obeyed—when she sat there, in her royal attitude of half-condescension, half-waiting triumph, with her daughter Alice, the fairest and haughtiest of the land, an offering at this man's feet—then Carl Leonti knew what full glory and excellence there was in his patient plan; and his low-voiced, almost careless words had in them such a ring of glad revenge that it startled himself.

"I should doubtless express my great appreciation of the favor extended me, Mrs. Pontifx. Perhaps if I had any intention of accepting it—"

She rose to her feet suddenly, her face blanching.

"If you had any intention of accepting it! Pardon me. Do I understand you?"

He smiled at her coolly.

"It may be better for me to assure you that I decline the honor of your daughter's hand. I presume that is perfectly plain?"

"Decline my daughter's hand! Mr. Leonti! What do you mean by this dreadful insult! Decline my daughter's hand! What have you meant, then, by your exclusive devotion to her?"

She was almost choking with frenzy. Leonti was cool and calm, with that smile on his face that had been there when he almost trampled Alice Pontifx's flowers beneath his heel.

"I will tell you what I meant, madam—I meant to do just as I have done—to bring you and your child to a point where you might feelly appreciate my feelings, the day you and she, child though she was, drove me and my delicate, darling brother from your pleasure-ground to a prisoner's cell, where, in the noisome place, my brother died—where you and your girl's hands murdered him as surely as though you had driven a rapier to his proud, sensitive heart! Madam, you remember! Oh, I see you do. Well, this is what I call revenge—what I call a just recompense of reward! And my brother will rest in his grave now that my registered vow is accomplished."

And Alice Pontifx is reaping the reward of the early education of cold, suspicious hauteur and tyrannical cruelty which her mother inculcated, and which has ruined both their lives.

## THE FAIRIES.

Where are the wonderful elves and the fairy creatures bright?  
Where are the tiny things that danced in the pale moonlight?  
Danced in a magic ring and fluttered in robes of white,  
Like motes in the sunbeam whirled, like leaves in the forest hour.

Where are the dusky gnomes who toiled in the golden ground?  
So that the miners trembled hearing their hammers' sound,  
Hearing them tapping, tapping, delving in darkness bound,  
A thousand tapping hammers beneath them hammering.

Where are the forest fairies, the elves in Lincoln green,  
Deep in the forest hidden, and never in cities seen,  
Sought for by timid maidens on sainted Hallow-e'en,  
The joy of all true lovers, a merry band were they.

Where are the household fairies, who loved the emerald glow,  
Who played at games with the shadows flickering to and fro,  
But left no track on the sanded floor, no trace on the fallen snow,  
But filled up the little slippers the children left behind?

Where are the elves waiting, waiting, for the golden days to come,  
When grief shall be known no longer, nor faithful love be deemed a dream,  
Till the figures all are added up, and finished the mighty sum.

Where are the elves waiting, waiting, till grief shall be no more,  
Till the rustle of raindrops, that kiss the deserted shore,  
Hark to the rustle of raindrops, that kiss the deserted shore.

The Bouquet Girl;  
OR,  
HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

BY AGILE PENNE,  
AUTHOR OF "ORPHAN NELL," "STRANGE STORIES OF MANY LANDS," "THE DETECTIVE'S WARD," "WOLF OF ENHOVEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.  
THE EXECUTORS.

CAPTAIN JACK'S office was situated in the fourth story of one of the handsomest buildings on lower Broadway; rather high if one ascended by the stairs, but in this age of luxuries, no one thinks of climbing heavenward in that manner when the "elevators" afford such ready means of access to the upper chambers.

The sanctum of the lawyer was fitted up in the most luxurious manner; the "Modoc" of the bar believed in style and show, for all of which his unlucky clients paid, of course.

On the morning after the night when his recognition by the actor had excited so much astonishment in the breast of the latter, the lawyer sat in his comfortable easy-chair enjoying a fragrant cigar, and glancing at the morning journal, which he held in his hand, every now and then.

The ornate clock upon the wall chimed ten in its silver tones. The lawyer tossed the paper upon the table and looked expectantly at the door.

"That's the hour," he murmured, "and they are generally very punctual. I think that I have engineered this affair pretty well," and he rubbed his soft, white palms together in a manner that plainly evinced great satisfaction.

"And to think, too, that it all proceeded from my indulging in a few more glasses of champagne than is usual with me! If it had not been for the wine the idea would never have entered my head. It's a bold scheme, but boldness always suits me," and he smiled complacently as he surveyed his dandy, handsome face in the glass. "Taxwill I am pretty sure of, and as for Dodson, he hates trouble and will be apt to agree with us in everything. I have examined the matter thoroughly, and I can't see a weak spot."

The lawyer's agreeable meditations were interrupted by the entrance into the office of a fat, middle-aged gentleman. He was short and stout, English evidently by the "cut of his jib," as a fashionable man would say, and dressed in plain, old-fashioned garments.

With his fat, honest face, puffy cheeks and aldermanic stomach, he exactly resembled the "John Bull" of the artists who "do" the cartoons for the illustrated journals.

This was Mr. Peter Dodson, formerly chief-cook of old Vendotena's confectionery establishment.

"On time, eh?" exclaimed the easy-going Englishman, glancing at the clock.

"Oh, yes, right to the minute; hot, isn't it?"

"Hot? by Jove, sir, it is! We never have it like this at 'ome, you know."

Like nearly all his tribe, this burly Briton was always talking about "home," although he never manifested any intention of going there.

"Try a glass of wine," suggested Captain Jack, producing a bottle of Chateau Lafitte from a handsome sideboard, upon the top of which a pitcher of ice-water and some crystal goblets were standing.

"Thank'e; don't care if I do," and the Englishman smacked his lips as his hand caressed the bottle. Dearly this son of Britain loved the creature comforts of this life.

And as Mr. Dodson proceeded to enjoy the contents of the goblet another gentleman bustled into the room—a tall, thin man, well ad-

vanced in years, dressed in the height of fashion, but showing plainly by his manner that he was no slave to luxurious ease; in fact, a practiced medical eye would have detected at a glance that the man was terribly overworked—that his whole nervous system was shattered, and that nothing was more likely than that this driving man of business might be stricken down at any moment by the grim hand of Death, despite the brisk promise of life that his nervous, energetic manner inspired.

This was Mortimer Taxwill, esquire, well known in Wall street as a heavy operator in stocks, and reputed to be worth a great deal of money.

Dodson and Taxwill were the executors of the will of the old confectioner, Lorenzo Vendotena, and Captain Jack was the lawyer who had drawn the will.

The old confectioner's illness had been a short one, but he had been fully conscious that he was coming nearer and nearer to the end each day, and so he had prepared his will.

The lonely old man in his last moments had relented somewhat; he had neither kith nor kin in the world, with the exception of his son and that son's daughter. When the Jersey lawyer, Limowell, had discovered that the mother was dead, he had waited upon old Vendotena with the news, and had informed him that the child was safe and in his hands.

The Italian had received him curtly and dismissed him abruptly.

"I take no interest in either the mother or child," he exclaimed, angrily. "Not one penny of my money shall ever come to either of them."

But in his last hours the confectioner relented. After all, the child was of his blood; she was innocent of all wrong; the mother, against whom he had been so bitter, was in her grave; death had canceled the account. Better then that his wealth should go to the innocent child, who was of the Vendotena race, than pass into the hands of strangers.

But Antonio, the son, the legal heir?

The old man's rage against the son who had so rudely upset the father's schemes, had never abated; on his death-bed he was as bitter as ever against his unruly son.

"A rogue! a villain!" he cried, in sullen rage. "Even in Europe he disgraces the name he bears. The Vendotenas have always been honest people; poor, but not rascals. This wretch! he will get himself hanged if he keeps on! Not a single penny would I leave, except to cheat the hangman, for without money the gallows will surely clutch him."

And so to the luckless Antonio he bequeathed the sum of one thousand dollars, and the interest of ten thousand dollars, which was securely invested to him as long as he lived, and at his death the principal to go to the Little Sisters of the Poor, a Catholic society in which the old man took a great interest.

The rest of his fortune, roughly estimated at half a million of dollars, he left, without proviso or condition of any kind, to his granddaughter, Francesca, the child of his son, Antonio.

Brief and directly to the point was the will. The two executors whom the old Italian had chosen were men whom he believed he could fully rely upon.

Mortimer Taxwill had been his cashier for years, while Peter Dodson had entered his employ as chief in the confectionery department when he had first started his confectionery on Broadway. And when old Vendotena had retired from business he had disposed of his establishment to his cashier and foreman, who were allowed to retain the old sign, excepting that instead of simple "Vendotena," the firm was now termed Vendotena & Co.

One year had now elapsed between the date of the old man's death and the period of which we write, and between the birth of the daughter, to whom the half-million had been bequeathed and the present time, some seventeen years had passed, so that the child if living would be about eighteen.

The Italian had retired from business just after the secret marriage of his son, and in the interval from that time to the present, the two partners in the confectionery had made a fortune and sold out, Dodson to retire to a quiet country home and amuse himself with a little amateur farming, Taxwill to plunge into the mazes of the stock exchange and there endeavor to swell the competence he already possessed to a princely sum.

How he had succeeded no one knew; some said that he had been extremely lucky and was already a millionaire. Others cried positively that he had lost every cent that he had in the world, and was now "going it" on credit alone, and that when the time came for his creditors to insist upon getting their money, the balloon would collapse and Mortimer Taxwill would appear to the world in his true character of a beggar.

And to these two men, so opposite in their natures, yet both equally trusted by the old Italian, was the carrying-out of the will he had made intrusted.

To Peter Dodson, easy and slow-going, honest as the day, simple as a child, though not deficient in a sort of natural shrewdness, and Mortimer Taxwill, wily speculator—his foes said, "totally unscrupulous," but that was slander, perhaps—and Captain Jack, the "Modoc" of the bar, the care of the enormous fortune had been confided.

CHAPTER XII.  
THE LONG-LOST HEIR.

"AHA! enjoying yourself as usual!" Taxwill exclaimed, perceiving the occupation of the Englishman.

"So beastly 'ot, you know; 'ave a go?" and Dodson, in the true spirit of hospitality, filled out a glass of wine for the speculator.

The lawyer brought him a chair; Taxwill pulled off his gloves and flung himself into the seat, and tossed off the wine at a draught, so different to the leisurely way in which the Englishman was enjoying the vintage of the vine.

"And now we will proceed at once to business," Captain Jack said, perceiving that his visitors were fully prepared for serious matters. "It is in reference to the Vendotena estate."

"I thought so the moment I saw Dodson here," Taxwill remarked.

"Well, I 'ope you've found the young woman," Dodson observed.

"That is exactly what I have succeeded in doing."

There was quite a little bit of triumph perceptible in the voice of the lawyer as he spoke.

The effect produced by the speech upon the two executors was widely different.

The burly Briton drew a long breath; he hated business, and this trust—this enormous fortune confided to him—care-worried him; naturally, therefore, he was extremely glad that the burthen was about to be taken off his shoulders, and in his round, rosy face, joy was plainly indicated.

Taxwill, on the contrary, pursed up his mouth, contracted his eyebrows a bit, and

looked at the lawyer in an extremely suspicious way.

Captain Jack did not appear to notice the look, but he did, though, for very few things escaped his keen eyes.

"Well, dang my buttons, if I ain't thankful!" Dodson exclaimed. "Such responsibilities ain't a bit to my taste. I've done with business; I don't want to do nothin' in this world but enjoy myself. And so you've found the little gal? Well, now, I thought you would."

"You have found the heir?" Taxwill questioned, in his sharp, direct way.

"Yes, sir."

"Ah—hum—that's lucky!"

Few words, but a deal of suspicion, introduced in the sentence.

"And all by accident, too."

"You don't say so?" the burly Briton cried, full of curiosity.

"By accident, eh?" Taxwill was watching the lawyer as a cat would watch a mouse.

"Yes, gentlemen, truth is stranger than fiction, you know; but my meeting with this girl is like a leaf torn out of a romance. I was going toward Fulton Ferry, and stopped to buy a bouquet from a flower-girl just outside the gate. She was a pretty little thing, and perceiving that she was so different from the usual run of bouquet girls, I entered into conversation with her. There was something about her face that seemed very familiar to me, and yet it did not appear to be the face of anyone whom I have ever known, and while I was talking to her, trying to account for the impression which her face had made, all of a sudden the truth flashed upon me. When I first attempted to hunt up this lost heir, the principal thing that I relied upon was a handsomely painted picture on ivory of the mother. If you remember, the old gentleman, just before his death, gave it to me, stating at the time that his son, Antonio, had sent it to him immediately after his secret marriage. Bitter as the old man had been in regard to the young girl whom he believed had entrapped his son into a marriage solely for his money, still he had preserved the picture. With this picture as a guide, as you may remember, I went to Long Branch to hunt up this Limowell, the uncle of the wife, who had had charge of the child. Probably you will recollect that my search was a fruitless one. Limowell had resided there, but had moved away, and no one knew where. The girl had been with him—in fact, two girls, both of whom he called his nieces, and both had gone also. It was a difficult matter to find out anything about this Limowell, for he lived back in what the natives termed 'the pines,' a barren sandy waste between Long Branch and Branchburg, and kept himself quite secluded."

"You advertised for him pretty extensively, too," Taxwill remarked.

"Yes, but without avail. Well, to make a long story short, the girl was the very image of the picture which I possessed, and upon questioning her carefully, without, of course, saying anything in regard to the suspicion which I had as to who she was, I soon knew the story of her life. As I suspected, she was the long-lost heir. Her name was Francesca, Fulton Frank her associates called her. She had been brought up at Branchburg by Lysander Limowell; her mother, Limowell's niece, had married the son of a wealthy New Yorker, who had been disowned on account of the marriage; she had been brought up by Mr. Limowell, her mother dying when she was quite small; she had been ill-treated by her uncle and had run away to New York to seek her fortune."

"Ow very romantic!" exclaimed Dodson, who had listened attentively to the recital.

"Very!" Taxwill cried, drily.

Captain Jack took no notice at all of the peculiar tone, and as for Dodson, the honest Briton never perceived it.

"Well, as I said before, I'm deuced glad that the beastly thing is going to be settled," declared the Englishman; "I want it off my mind, you know."

"I suppose you will be able to prove that this girl is the heir—that is, prove her identity?" Taxwill asked, his tone plainly indicating the doubts in his mind.

"Oh, yes; no doubt about it at all," Captain Jack answered, in his airy, easy way. "And now, if you will fix a time, I'll present the girl to you."

"Ow will this afternoon do?" asked Dodson, in his blunt way. "I've got to buy some stuff in town, and I would like to go 'ome by the last train to-day."

"This afternoon will suit me," Taxwill remarked.

"This afternoon, at three, then."

"All right; and now I must toddle off, for I've a lot of things to do. I don't come to town every day, you know." And then the Briton departed.

Taxwill favored the lawyer with a long, suspicious glance after the door had closed on the burly figure of the Englishman.

"What's the matter?" Captain Jack asked, blandly.

"Come, come! This story may do for Dodson, who is as stupid as a child about some things, but I don't swallow it!" the speculator exclaimed, quickly.

"You don't believe that I have found the heir?"

"No, I do not."

"It's a fact."

"Gannon!"

"Well, she'll pass for the heir anyway; her name is Francesca, and she was brought up by this man Limowell, who did have the custody of the child."

"But she is not the child!"

"That's a doubtful point; but it will be money in our pockets for us to believe that she is."

"How so?"

"This was business, and the speculator, was quick to appreciate it."

"A half a million of dollars is a pretty large sum to any one; to a girl who has been making a dollar a day by selling bouquets at the ferries, it seems a fabulous amount. Without our aid the girl couldn't touch a penny of the property. I have made a fair bargain with her."

"How much?"

"One clear half."

"That will do."

"And that half, after deducting the necessary expenses, I propose to cut into two equal parts."

"One for me, eh?" The speculator was quick to jump to conclusions.

"Yes; provided that you believe that she is the heir."

"Oh, I guess that there is no doubt about that," Taxwill reassured the other, with a knowing laugh. "But will the legal proof be enough?"

"Oh, yes, provided Limowell don't turn up."

"And if he does?"

"We must buy him up."

And so the compact was made.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## FRANK'S STORY.

"A half a million of dollars!" Craige exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes; it is a large sum, isn't it?"

"Well, I should say so, but I don't understand!" the bewildered actor protested.

"You know that gentleman is a lawyer?"

"Yes; and not a very reputable one, either."

"He met me at Fulton Ferry the other night; he had been drinking, and I suppose the liquor put the idea into his head, for he asked my name, how old I was, and then told me that I was the heir to a fortune of half a million of dollars."

"You had better be on your guard, Frank," Craige said, seriously. "This fellow is totally unscrupulous. He has already been concerned in some ugly scrapes, and how he manages to escape from being 'thrown over the bars,' as the lawyers say, which means expulsion from the legal fraternity, is a mystery."

"Oh, he intends to pay himself well for the services which he is to perform; he does not serve me for nothing; he is honest about it. He came to-night especially to hear the story of my life, and after I had told him all I knew in regard to my birth and early childhood, he said that in his mind there was no doubt that I was the long-lost heir."

"Long-lost heir!" Craige exclaimed. "Yes, that is the way the story-writers always put it. But how did the man happen to think that you were the heir? That is something I don't understand."

"He has a picture of my mother, and recognized me from my resemblance to it."

Craige was puzzled; he distrusted the wily Captain Jack, and suspected that there was some deep-laid plan at the bottom of all this. Fortunes of half a million did not usually wait long for heirs.

"The fellow is a regular rascal, I am sure; I have heard of two or three of his tricks, and I am afraid that there is more in this than appears on the surface."

"Oh, no; I think not," replied the girl. "He has made a good bargain for himself, and will profit more than I will if he succeeds in getting the money."

"What is he to receive for his valuable services?"

"One half."

"A quarter of a million, eh?"

"Yes; and out of my half are to come all the expenses."

"He will be paid pretty well; but it is not so bad, considering that without him you would not, probably, be able to get anything."

"Yes; he is to find all the necessary proofs."

"But can he prove that you are the heir?"

"He says he can."

"But are you the heir? Do you think you are?"

"Well, I don't know what to think," the girl answered. "I'll tell you the story, and you can decide. The half a million is the fortune left by an old gentleman, Vendotena by name, who used to keep a confectionery store on Broadway."

"Yes, I know the place; many a dish of ice-cream I've had there."

"The son of the old gentleman—an only son—secretly married a young country girl at Long Branch, and the father never forgave him."

"The wife was named Deetra Limowell, and about two years after her marriage she died, leaving a baby girl. That child was brought up by this Limowell, who was a lawyer. When the old gentleman died, about eighteen years after the marriage of his son, he made a will leaving all his property to his grand-daughter, Francesca, the child of Deetra. This Mr. Leiffer was the lawyer who drew out the will. He went in search of the child, now a girl of eighteen, but could find no trace of her at all, or of Mr. Limowell, who had taken care of her. He had lived at Long Branch, or, to speak more correctly, near Long Branch, in a very lonely spot, and had gone away, no one knew where or when. That's the story of the heir; now hear mine. I don't know my father or mother was, or anything about them. Ever since I can remember I lived with a Mr. Limowell in a lonely house near Long Branch. I was told that my name was Francesca, but whenever I asked about my father and mother, I was told that they were both dead, long ago, and that I mustn't ask any questions. Mr. Limowell was a harsh, stern man, so ugly in temper that I fairly grew to hate the very sight of him. About a year ago he brought a young man to the house, introduced him to me, and said that he was to be my husband. That very night I ran away and came to New York. Brown Betty, an old colored woman who took care of the house and had always looked out for me since I was a child, advised me to take the step. I had twenty-five dollars which I had saved up, and I knew that would keep me until I found something to do. Brown Betty knew Mrs. O'Hoolihan and sent me here. Now compare the two stories; have I not reason to believe that I am the missing heir for whom this fortune of half a million of dollars waits?"

Craige was thoroughly astonished. It was more than probable, and his quick mind speedily comprehended how easily a skillful lawyer, particularly one not over scrupulous, could supply the missing links in the chain of evidence.

"Well, it certainly does look as if you were the heir."

"Am I not justified, then, in accepting the fortune that chance throws into my lap?"

"Most certainly! It would be tempting Providence to refuse."

"And think, too, of the happiness that such a vast sum of money will bring me."

"Money does not always bring happiness, you know."

"Ah, yes, but it does if it is rightly used," the girl cried, eagerly. "It won't turn my head, either, although I have been used to poverty all my life."

"That's good."

"And I shall be able to pay the debts I owe."

"Do you owe many?"

"Oh, no; you are my greatest creditor," and the pretty girl rested her little hand upon the arm of the young man and looked him full in the face with her great dark eyes, now moistened with emotion.

Craige was visibly affected, but he was an honest-hearted fellow, and seldom tried to conceal his feelings.

"Why, what do you owe me?"

"Everything!" the girl exclaimed, impulsively. "Haven't you tried to educate me—to teach me how to avoid danger in the narrow lane of life which fate forced me to tread? Do you think that I shall ever forget your kindness? Oh, no! Why, my first thought, Ronald, when I was told that I was the heir to all this money, was that I should be able to repay you."

"And how do you intend to repay me," the actor asked, smiling at the eager, up-turned

"Oh, I don't know! You must tell me. You don't like the stage; I have heard you

say so a hundred times, and now you will be able to leave it."

"I don't exactly see how you manage to figure that out," Craige observed, laughing. "I haven't come in for a fortune of half a million," you know."

"You have always been ready to help me when I needed help," she replied, "and now, when I get this money, I shall consider it as much yours as mine."

A moment the young actor gazed earnestly into the expressive face, the dusk of the night partly concealing the blushes which flooded throat, cheeks and temples, and then, with a gentle motion, he extended his arms and drew the young girl gently to his manly breast.

"Why, little one," he said, "do you think that I am the sort of man to take any unfair advantage? Just think of the prospect that lies before you. A half a million of dollars! Why, with such a sum of money as that you can buy your way into the best society in the country. Few circles in this great republic so select as to ask 'Who or what is she?' No; the question generally put is, 'How much is she worth?' Gold is the touch-stone which tries all mankind. I am a poor man, something of a scholar, but, like a fool, I have chosen a profession, the pursuit of which brings no honor. In the eyes of two-thirds of the world, the actor is still a vagabond, just as he used to be considered legally, in the old English time, when the stocks and the whipping-post awaited him if he chanced to merit the displeasure of some petty official. You will be a rich young lady, an heiress; do you think that I really am an outcast from the charmed circle called society, would try to hamper you by recalling to your memory the old days when we were both poor together? Oh, no, Frank; I am no such man. Accept the gift that fortune gives and forget that I live."

"Bless you, my children!" cried a hoarse voice, in foreign accents; "I, your father, bless you!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 387.)

## HOPE

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARRER.

Standing alone on the ocean shore,  
Looking afar o'er the trackless tide,  
Deaf to the sound of the water's roar,  
Is winsome Jennie, the fisherman's bride!

Watching the ships, with their snowy wings,  
As they dance, like will-o'-wispes, over the sea,  
And wondering asks, "Which of all brings  
My husband, my darling, again to me?"

Yet no shallop, with white wings spread,  
Entered the harbor; but each passed by,  
And she watched till the golden sun grew red,  
And bathed in purple the western sky.

The sails all vanished, like phantoms white,  
In the rising mists and the gathering gloom;  
And she turned from the shore, where the waters  
Sung over and over their mournful tune.

Perhaps a tear for a moment dimmed  
The dusk brown eyes of the waiting bride;  
But in youth's glad hours hope is undimmed,  
And she said, "He will come with to-morrow's tide!"

And she traced the sands that the waves had  
Kissed,  
To the cot that nestled near to the shore,  
With only the thought that to-day had missed  
The joy that to-morrow held in store.

Ah! how many hopes, and, hoping, wait,  
On the shimmering sands of life's great shore,  
Watching in vain for the hand of fate,  
To bring their hopes ere the day is o'er!

Though the sun goes down and the night looms  
Dark,  
And only wrecks are strewn at their feet,  
Yet hope returns, like the dove to the ark,  
And brings to the waiting the faith so sweet.

Oh! perfect and pure is the flower of Hope!  
Of rubies and pearls it is the crown;  
Though it buds to bloom on life's sunny slope,  
It bursts in full glory on the downward way;  
And Hope will shine through sorrows pale,  
Encompass it round; and a Noble's tears  
Can never drown in the shadowed vale  
The light that was born for eternity's years.

## The Velvet Hand:

OR,

THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "KENTUCK THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

AT SHERIFF'S SALE.

THE morning of the day appointed for the sale of the Cinnabar mine property came bright and beautiful.

Ten o'clock was the hour set for the sale, and quite a crowd had collected around and about the premises as the time drew nigh.

Prominent among the idlers who were plainly collected out of pure curiosity, and who had no idea of investing in the property, was Joe Bowers, who was the center of a little group, as he generally contrived to be.

"Oh, I tell yer wot it is, gent'men, I know this hyer property from A to izzard!" he exclaimed with lofty accent. "I knew it in the time when this hyer town was first started. I was one of the first pilgrims that hoofed it up this hyer valley, I was! Oh, them were lively times, you bet! I've seen more good old gold dust taken out of yer hyer mine—why, gent'men, talk 'bout yer Big Bonanzas, an' yer Consolidated Virginia, an' yer Mari-posa grants—why, this hyer mine could knock the socks outen any of 'em! Oh, methinks, me noble bretheren, in me mind's eye, Horatio, I see them times ag'in!"

"Get out!" cried an irreverent bystander, "this hyer mine is a fraud, anyway! I reckon that I've heered all 'bout it. It's bu'sted every party that has took hold on it!"

"That's so, me noble dook; to the p'int you talk, and straight, by jingo! but it's a bully mine for all that! You don't understand; that's a spell onto it!" and Mr. Bowers sunk his voice to a sort of mysterious whisper as he made this wonderful announcement.

"A what!" cried Yuba Bill, who was in the crowd.

"Upon the face of the late superintendent of the mine, the old-visaged Redan, sat a look of angry astonishment. The prize he had toiled so hard to gain had been wrested from his grasp right in the moment of apparent victory. Redan was fully prepared to pay ten thousand dollars for the mine, but to 'rise' twelve was too much for him."

Another thoroughly astonished personage was Fernando del Colma. If the hoary head of old Shasta's peak had nodded and cried out, "Twelve thousand dollars for the Cinnabar lode!" he would not have been much more amazed.

As for the other party interested in the sale, the cool and quiet Velvet Hand, he did not seem in the least surprised, but took it as a matter of course.

"Why didn't you give thirteen thousand,

forded the bumper, who was never so happy as when spinning some outrageous yarn, a chance to go into a long story about Injun Dick Talbot and his wonderful adventures.

Of course the veterans did not trouble him. In regard to facts, but he just "waded in," as Yuba would have remarked, and told one of the toughest yarns that mortal man ever listened to.

A few minutes before ten the sheriff, Shepard Blum, arrived upon the ground. Blum, as the readers of Injun Dick will probably remember, was formerly chief of police, but at the last election had succeeded in getting in as sheriff.

With Blum came the superintendent of the mine, Bertrand Redan.

The good folks of Cinnabar had been on the lookout ever since the affray between the Cinnabar superintendent and Velvet Hand for a first-class "shooting-match." The gossips of the town, after hearing of the discomfiture of Redan at the hands of the agile and strong-armed Velvet Hand, had looked to see Redan arm himself and assault the card-player on the first favorable occasion. But Redan had manifested no idea of doing anything of the sort, and when questioned in regard to the matter—some anxious souls could not restrain their curiosity—had simply said that he was a fool to allow himself to be drawn into a quarrel at all, and that, as far as he was concerned, he should pay no further attention to the matter.

This was "taking water" with a vengeance. Cinnabar was woefully disappointed, and the character of the superintendent suffered accordingly. As Joe Bowers had remarked, "Things was now as they used to was."

Civilization had come and the glories of the old-time Cinnabar City were on the wane.

The hour of ten arrived.

Blum mounted a box, and unfolding a legal-looking paper proceeded to read the terms of the sale.

"The Cinnabar mine, machinery, buildings, tools, etc., to be sold to the highest bidder, ten per cent. of the purchase-money to be paid when the property was knocked down, forty per cent. more in thirty days, and the residue in one year from date."

And just as Blum commenced to read the terms of the auction Velvet Hand, accompanied by Clint MacAlpine, the mayor of the town, joined the throng.

As the two came up and the velvet suit of the Cinnabar champion was recognized, many in the crowd exchanged glances, and those individuals who were in the direct line between the new-comers and the Cinnabar superintendent began to edge out of the way. These considerate citizens were not anxious to interfere in any way with the settlement of the quarrel between the superintendent and the Cinnabar man, provided the pair were desirous of settling the matter by an attempt to "settle" each other.

But neither took the slightest notice of the other, much to the disappointment of a great many in the crowd.

"Now, gents, let's proceed right to business!" cried Blum, after he had finished reading the conditions of the sale. "Tain't necessary for me to dilate upon this hyer mine. You all on you knowes the Cinnabar lode, gents, like a book, and a richer mine don't exist on top of this hyer arth! It's in tip-top running order, so my friend hyer, Mr. Superintendent Redan, says, and I reckon he's posted on mining matters! Now, gents, as life is short and time is flyin', we'll pitch right in to onct! How much am I offered for this hyer mine? On behalf of the owners of a mortgage ag'in the property risin' twelve thousand sheikels I'll bid seven thousand dollars!"

This announcement took the crowd by surprise, for one and all expected that the property would go dirt cheap. They had not anticipated this action upon the part of the wily gentleman of California street in that thriving burg of Frisco.

But these sharps had put considerable money into the Cinnabar property, and they intended to either have their money or the mine.

"Seven thousand dollars!" cried the auctioneer, "seven thousand—do I hear the eight?"

"Eight thousand!" exclaimed Mr. Superintendent Redan.

"Eight thousand dollars—eight thou—nine! Thank you, sir," and the sheriff bowed, apparently to an individual on the outskirts of the crowd.

Everybody looked to see who had bid nine thousand, for no one had heard the bid; but the look was vain as far as information was concerned, for the men in the locality where the auctioneer had directed his bow were evidently as much amazed as the rest.

And then all at once it flashed upon the keen-witted ones of the crowd that the nine-thousand bidders were the Frisco sharps—the bulls and bears who roamed unchecked around the Bank of California.

"Nine thousand—who says ten?"

"Ten!"

It was the clear voice of the Velvet Hand that spoke this time, and Del Colma, standing gloomily by the door of the little cottage, dull-eyed and wan of face, started.

"Ten thousand—eleven!" another rise from the mortgagees. "Now who says twelve?"

"Twelve thousand!"

A woman's voice this time, clear as the ring of a silver coin and sweet as the breathing of a lute.

It was Blanche del Colma in the cottage door.

"Twelve—twelve thousand—no advance,"—the Frisco gents were done. "Twelve thousand dollars, going, going—gone! Miss del Colma!"

Blanche had bought the mine!

## CHAPTER XXX.

## A DARING DEED.

A WOMAN buy the Cinnabar mine! a mine days' wonder! And that woman, too, the proud and haughty Californian girl.

"Miss Del Colma—twelve thousand dollars!" from lip to lip in the crowd the words passed, and every eye turned to gaze upon her, but she had discreetly withdrawn within the cottage.

Upon the face of the late superintendent of the mine, the old-visaged Redan, sat a look of angry astonishment. The prize he had toiled so hard to gain had been wrested from his grasp right in the moment of apparent victory. Redan was fully prepared to pay ten thousand dollars for the mine, but to "rise" twelve was too much for him.

Another thoroughly astonished personage was Fernando del Colma. If the hoary head of old Shasta's peak had nodded and cried out, "Twelve thousand dollars for the Cinnabar lode!" he would not have been much more amazed.

As for the other party interested in the sale, the cool and quiet Velvet Hand, he did not seem in the least surprised, but took it as a matter of course.

"Why didn't you give thirteen thousand,

old man!" Clint MacAlpine exclaimed; "thirteen would have corraled your elephant."

"Oh, it isn't manners to bid against a lady," the sharp replied with a laugh; "besides, twelve thousand sized my pile. When the blind is too much for my hand, I always 'stay out' of the game."

The sheriff approached Del Colma, who was still standing moodily by the door of the cottage, the little throng in the meantime rapidly dispersing.

"Ten per cent., you know, must be put up now," Blum said, supposing as a matter of course that the girl had bid the mine in on behalf of her brother.

"I know nothing about it," Del Colma answered.

"Well, I reckoned that you and the lady had fixed the matter between you," Blum exclaimed, astonished.

"I don't know anything about it," Del Colma repeated, "and what induced the girl to bid twelve thousand dollars when she hasn't got twelve thousand cents is an utter mystery to me."

The sheriff expressed the astonishment swelling within his manly bosom by a loud whistle.

"Blazes and Thomas!" he ejaculated, "here's a nice go! Have I got to sell the thing over ag'in, and the hull caboodle gone? Well, this is a sweet mess! Why, the gal must be crazy!"

"Perhaps you had better go in and see what she has to say about it," suggested Del Colma.

"I for one am utterly bewildered by her action. Twelve thousand dollars? Why, I don't believe that she has got ten dollars in the world. I took all her money to put into this infernal mine, and like a hungry demon it has swallowed all and now clamors for more."

"All right; I'll go in and see what she has to say about the thing. You'll excuse me, colonel, if I give vent to my feelings and say, darn these women critters! they are allers mixin' things up!" and thus having in a measure relieved his mind, the big sheriff marched into the house.

Like the majority of big men, Blum prided himself upon being a lady's man; and so, when he came into the room where Blanche sat, he removed his hat and bowed gallantly.

"Excuse my intruding, miss, but I'm the sheriff, and I've come to see about this hyer auction sale."

"Yes!" said the girl, smiling in her cold, stately way.

As Blum afterward said, in describing the interview, "she could just hang herself alongside of any of them furrin queens an' sich, an' nary one of them would take the starch outen her."

"You bought the mine, miss—twelve thousand dollars."

"Yes, sir."

"I spoke to your brother about it."

"He knows nothing of my affairs," said the girl, with dignity.

"So he said, miss; well, there's ten per cent. to be paid to onct."

"Ten per cent. of twelve thousand is twelve hundred dollars," Blanche observed.

"Yes, miss, I guess that is correct."

The worthy sheriff was not a man of figures, and he was getting out his book and pencil to ascertain the amount, when the girl spoke; but her prompt declaration carried conviction with it.

Blanche took a buckskin bag from her pocket and counted out in double-eagles the sum of twelve hundred dollars, a sight which made the eyes of the stout sheriff fairly blaze. Never before in all his life had he seen such an enticing display.

Sixty double-eagles, all arrayed in nice little piles.

"Count the money and give me a receipt, please," she said, in quite a business-like way.

The sheriff, much astonished, mechanically did as he was bid. This was the lady whom her own brother pronounced to be not worth twelve hundred cents.

"Correct?" the sheriff replied, the count finished.

"Then he wrote a receipt and handed it to the girl."

"Forty per cent. more in thirty days!" she asked.

"Yes, miss; and then the deed will be given, and the mortgage prepared."

"Very well; the money will be ready. Good-morning."

The sheriff understood that this was a polite hint that the interview was ended, so he gathered up the gold and withdrew with his load, no light one, as any man will find who attempts to walk off with sixty double-eagles.

Blum marched out of the house feeling duly elated, for he had feared that the whole "business" would have to be performed over again, and he had no wish to figure as the victim of a silly woman's whims.

Now, what is this turned old Californian who sed that this air beautiful heifer war clean butted?" the sheriff ejaculated, as he strode out of the house. "What is he, so I kin shake the double-eagles at him and make him look sick—tryin' to fool the sheriff of this hyer damned old corral with sich a cock-and-bull story?"

But the Californian had departed. Gloomy and desperate, he had yielded to Redan's suggestion that he had better try some liquor to keep his courage up.

The wily superintendent was anxious to learn how Blanche had possibly contrived to raise so large a sum as twelve thousand dollars.

Del Colma could not afford him any information though. In fact, the Californian bluntly declared that he believed the girl had lost her wits, and that bidding for the mine was but the whim of a moment.

Anxious to learn the truth, Redan hurried away, as soon as he conveniently could, leaving Del Colma to continue the debauch which he had commenced.

It was not often that the Californian yielded to the demon of drink, but when he did, he drank until bereft of both sense and reason.

The superintendent hunted up the sheriff, and that worthy, in reply to the question as to whether the girl had made good the ten-per-cent. deposit, shook a handful of golden coins in the face of the questioner.

"Did she make it good?" he cried, exultantly; "well, now, she did, you bet! Poned up jest like a little man, the solid stuff, an' I'm betting my head ag'in a lump of quartz that she's good for every cent!"

Amazed and disgusted, Redan strode away, his face overcast with a portentous frown.

The game was going most decidedly against him.

Del Colma came not home to his cottage that day; but as he was in the habit of remaining absent at times without warning, Blanche was not alarmed.

Night came and still no Fernando. Instructing Sanchez to keep watch for her brother, Blanche retired to rest, and about the midnight hour the sleepy hostler, dozing in his chair, was suddenly aroused by a most rude attack.

Who or what his assailants were he could not tell, for he was blindfolded, gagged and securely bound in an instant.

Then the midnight marauders ascended to the room where sleeping innocence reposed.

Bound, blindfolded, and gagged, wrapped closely in a blanket, Blanche was borne from her apartment, placed upon the back of a horse, securely held by stout arms, and then, by a dark, circuitous route, was carried out of the town of Cinnabar.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

## A LOVE CALL.

BY E. Z. WAX.

Maiden of the nut-brown hair,  
Radiant eyes glowing cheek,  
Let Love lure you, sweetest, where  
Brownies play at hide-and-seek.

Deep within the drowsy dell  
We will wander, wondering why  
Tongue and lip be silent,  
All the love breathed in a sigh.



salve to his conscience as sharing it with her might be!

About this time one of those circumstances occurred, which, trifling as themselves, are yet of great importance when fitted into a mosaic of evidence; and are sometimes startling in the appearance which they have of being ordered by a special Providence.

One dull December day I was sitting in my office, about as miserable and unoccupied as a man can be, when I was aroused from my reverie by the sight of a span of runaway horses dashing down the street, dragging a light sleigh or cutter in which were two gentlemen. I just had time to observe the danger, when they ran against another stouter vehicle, and their egg-shell conveyance was crushed into twenty pieces, the occupants were thrown out, and the maddened horses flew on, scattering robes and fragments on the way. One of the gentlemen struck in a pile of snow, which had been shoveled from the walk, and was not at all hurt; the other, less fortunate, was thrown against a lamp-post, and so badly bruised that he was insensible when taken up. He was carried into my office and laid on my threadbare sofa. His head was bleeding from the blow which had stunned him, but he was not otherwise much injured, and I was enabled to assure his alarmed friend that the consequences would not be serious. By the application of stimulants his soon revived, when the crowd dispersed, and his companion, leaving him with me to still further recover, went to look after the horses. He was gone some time. Meanwhile my patient lay comfortably on the sofa, having a misfortune like a philosopher. We talked together when he began to feel like it, and I saw, what I had before conjectured from his features and dress, that he was a Cuban. He was wrapped, almost to his eyes, in rich furs, and his dress was elegant and costly. He was young, and his face, with the yellow complexion, fine silken mustache, and glittering eyes of his countrymen, jewels sparkled in his wristbands and on his slender hands; he glanced about my poor room, half humorously, as if he were in Madrid, when he saw myself, for he seemed to accord me all the respect I could demand, and to be interested in my conversation.

In the midst of our chat, I drew my handkerchief from my pocket. Something came with it, and fell, ringing, upon the floor. It was the silver key! I hastily picked it up, but before I could return it to its receptacle the stranger's hand was outstretched.

"I beg your pardon; may I look at that?" Handing it to him, I turned it over, and looked at the date and lettering, and remarked:

"It is a curious key; may I ask where you got it?"

He had put his question in the shape most difficult to answer, and I hesitated.

"It belonged to a friend of mine," I said, "but without a hesitation which he must have noticed, 'why do you ask?'"

"I did not know there were two such in existence. My uncle had one precisely similar to this, which he had heard what his success had come from Spain. It belonged to a box, made of mahogany, banded with iron, with steel rivets, in which he, and his father before him, kept their money and jewels. The key was a masterpiece of art, and I had seen it, especially for that box; yet here is another so much like it I could almost swear the two were one."

"Perhaps they are," I said, "or could that not be?"

"Really, I do not know. My uncle lost his fortune two years ago by mercantile speculations into which he entered. Being very proud, he took his losses much to heart, finally emigrating to California in the hope of retrieving them. I have not heard what his success had been—I should think he might do well there; but the sight of this key makes me uneasy. I have neglected him too long. I shall write, as soon as I get to my hotel, ask him to forgive my remissness, and to allow me to hear from him occasionally. But you once told me that a friend's name who owned this. Perhaps it was my uncle. Have you been in California?"

"No. And this key was given to me by an American lady. I think she had it from a gentleman who is now dead—a doctor who had returned from California but a short time before."

"Ha!" ejaculated the young Cuban, deeply interested.

He remained thinking for a moment, which gave me a chance also to reflect. If I told him that his uncle was dead, his cousin married and a widow, he would at once demand her place of residence; would doubtless visit her, when he would learn the name of the city by which he had ascertained her whereabouts, and I should no longer be safe in my new locality. The fact that I had in my possession the key to the box would add to the strong presumptive evidence against me. My own safety demanded that I should keep silence. As I passed this before, by inquiries which he might institute in that distant city on the western shore, he would be able to trace his cousin, and in those months the end to which I had pledged myself might be attained.

"A doctor," resumed my visitor, after a pause; "that looks bad! Can it be that my uncle is dead; that this physician attended him, perhaps receiving, as his only fee, this empty box, which was once always so crowded with the riches of a proud family?"

I remained silent. He sat up, now, forgetful of his aching wound, in the interest of the subject.

"If so, I wonder what has become of Inez," he continued, "and to what she is devoted. She must be a woman now. I used to fancy the child, little spit-fire though she was. She had so much spirit! bright eyes, too! It is a shame for our family to have neglected her so. I hope her father has not died, and left her in that wicked city. It would be terrible, though, doubtless, she is married before this. She was a coquette from her cradle—little Inez was a cunning child," then to me: "You say the friend is dead who possessed this. Then, I cannot seek information in that quarter. I must curb my impatience until I shall hear by letter. Have you any objection to parting with the key?"

"I should not like to, unless you have a stronger claim upon it than I have."

"I don't know that I have any—the least—only as a clue to my uncle, who certainly once owned it. If you prize it, I will not ask it; but if you see the lady soon who gave it to you, pray inquire if she knows its history. I will call upon you again before I leave the city."

Here his friend returned with word that the horses had injured themselves badly, and that he had sent them to the stable, jested about the accident, and the cost of a sleigh-ride, "a novelty," he said, "with which he was now sufficiently acquainted." It seemed they had turned off the main routes, because the sleighing was better in our quiet avenue.

Supposing should obtain information which I thought you would like to receive? I asked, as they prepared to leave.

"Call on me at the New York Hotel; I shall be there for the next four weeks. Farewell, and many thanks for your attention."

He laid his card on the table, along with a gold piece quite too large for the slight service which had been rendered; but I did not see the card until, after they had left, I raised the card.

"Don Miguel de Alameda—quite a grand name," I mused, smiling at the pompous sound as I read. "I wish his Donship had not left so much money. It looks too much like bestowing alms!" I, too, was proud, with the pride of an American, who, while he laughs at titles, likes well to preserve his independence. "If he comes again, I'll give him his gold piece; if he doesn't, why, it seems as if fate had made me a present of the means for a journey to Meredith Place."

My desire to return to Hampton was like the longing and restlessness of a fever-patient; and the first use which it occurred to me to make of the money was to spend it in a secret visit to the Place.

I did not feel quite at ease about allowing Don Miguel to go away with no tidings of his cousin. I had boasted to myself my intention of staying in Inez, if Lillian should marry. It is true that my feelings toward the young widow had changed very much since the night I had detected her in a stolen interview with Arthur Miller. I now knew her to be fickle, imprudent and selfish, if nothing worse. Still she was young, scarcely more than a child, and never had received training to make her other impulse. I did not mean to be too severe in my condemnation of her conduct. If this cousin of hers really felt any interest in her, it would probably be very greatly to her advantage that he should be allowed to know where she was. He was rich and liberal. It was natural to suppose that he would take her with him to her relatives in Cuba, if she would consent to go. This would be much better for her than giving lessons on the guitar. It would certainly be a hundred times better for Lillian. I knew, as well as if I could see their daily life, how Inez' petulance and complaining wore upon my cousin, and that the burden of the work must rest upon her shoulders.

It would be cowardly in me to place my own convenience in the way of the interest of either of those two girls.

I was not long in making up my mind that I would call upon the Don and inform him where his cousin Inez could be found. But before taking such a step, it was evident that I must be prepared to quit my present name and locality, and that so prudently as to leave no trace of my flight; for Don Miguel would of course relate by what means he had discovered his cousin, when it would at once be surmised who had the key of the missing box, and I should be arrested in less than three days.

"It will be a month before he leaves the city," I said to myself. "In ten days it will be Christmas. I will take my holiday then. One brief visit, under cover of night and darkness, to the old place; one stolen look at Lillian's face—then, if nothing occurs to give me further hope of a speedy solution of the problem, I will resign my place Don Miguel on the track of his cousin, and myself fly to some more distant city, where I can go to work with a will to do something for my darling's ease and comfort. Inez will be provided for; perhaps, also, Lillian, for the Don."

Here a spasm of jealousy shook my heart-strings. The Cuban gentleman was young and attractive in every way—he could not meet Lillian without being enchanted by her! What was to be expected but that they should love one another?

If Lillian's affections were not hopelessly fixed upon Arthur, nothing, I argued, could prevent those two from becoming interested in each other. The Cuban, accustomed to the darker charms of the South, would be doubly alive to the exquisite type of my cousin's beauty; while he, so gallant, so graceful in every movement, full of pride and high spirits, would appear to her as if one of the heroes had walked out of a poet's story to meet her.

Well, why should it not be so? This would furnish for her all that I craved for my welfare—love, protection, and wealth. Ought I not, poor Lillian, resting under a cloud, compelled to work under every disadvantage, to be glad to throw such a chance in her way? I had not the least idea that my cousin ever thought of me, except as a cousin, and a vagrant one at that. She no more guessed the passion I felt for her than that she had a lover in the moon.

I said to myself that I should like to know that she was mated with one who struck me as favorably as this young gentleman. But my heart gave the words the lie. I would make me unutterably miserable to know it. Was my utterable misery too great a sacrifice to make for her? No, it was not! I would make it. My plan should be carried out.

Perhaps better days were in store for all but me. I can afford to smile sadly now at the look back and recall with what a brave struggle I nerved myself to send a suitor to the feet of the girl I loved—a lover to my own darling.

CHAPTER XI.

A HEARTY VAIL THROWN ASIDE.

CHRISTMAS eve was passing into Christmas morn as the midnight train dropped me at Hampton station. A slouched hat and thick overcoat were all the disguise needed to make me lonely hour; I felt no apprehension of being recognized, even if I should encounter acquaintances. The train went roaring off into the distance, and I turned to my solitary walk.

The moon hung directly in the zenith, the snow lay in dazzling whiteness everywhere, and the perfection of a winter night—calm, brilliant, cold. The station was between Hampton and Meredith Place; between the station and the latter place was the cemetery of the village. As I passed it, its white tombstones, standing solemnly in the whiter moonlight, looking so desolate as they rose out of the drifted snow, my heart urged me to go in and linger a few moments by the graves of my relatives—by his grave, dear friend, I ever remembered, who had loved my uncle as I loved no other human being except his daughter. Mine was not one of those natures to love swiftly and warmly—to forget quickly and coldly. With me, love was deathless.

Opening the smaller gate, I passed along the untrodden road until I came to the path which led off to two mounds rising side by side, one crowned with a slender marble shaft, the other as yet unmarked. The path to these graves bore the print of feet which had been there many more than once; and as I knelt beside them, I saw myrtle wreaths laid on both, while on Dr. Meredith's was a garland of the most fragrant and costly hot-house flowers, so fresh that I could guess that it had not been there more than a few hours. I knew who placed it there. I had informed myself of Miss Miller's intention to spend her fortnight's holiday with Lillian in her humble little home. Lillian was to have a brief vacation, to rest, and her journey was to be to visit her, not only for the enjoyment of her society, but to clear up some of the difficulties in the path of the young teacher. From a dark corner of the New York depot I had watched Miss Miller depart, six hours earlier than myself, and in her hand she had carried this wreath: I could guess that she, too, had paused, in coming, at this cemetery, and had left there, under the shadow of the twilight, this token of remembrance, unseen by mortal eyes.

Would a murderer deposit flowers on the grave of her victim?

The thought struck me there with the force of something new. Still, many a woman has murdered her man by passionate love, giving her after-life to remorse and despair. But flowers! Oh, how could she bring them to mock this cold and glittering mound if she had anything to do in bringing the sleigh here!—tearing in away from life, when at its fullest and best, to bind him here an untimely prisoner. To think of it made me furious. I caught the wreath and tore it in a hundred parts, which I threw as far from the grave thus desecrated as my arm had strength to hurl them.

"Murderess! murderous! murderess!" I kept hissing between my shut teeth, as I did so. "No! do not call me by that dreadful name!"

I started as the unexpected voice said this, close at my side—deep, trying to be firm, but trembling with pathetic weakness—started as if a ghost had risen from the tombs about me.

"You, Miss Miller, here, at this hour of the night?"

"Why do you persecute me?" she continued, reproachfully, with a manner so wholly unlike her usual haughty self-possession, that I was touched in spite of myself. "My poor flowers, even, are not allowed to warm his icy grave—I, who loved him with a love which put to shame the tamer and more selfish affection of all his other friends! Lillian, poor child, she truly appreciated him. I love her. I would do anything for her; but that other—that soulless, heartless thing! neither woman nor child, without feeling, save for herself without power to

understand what happiness was hers! she, young tigress!—I have no word of scorn and hate to express her. It is time we understood each other, Joseph Meredith. Let us no longer play the guilty game of hide-and-seek. Denounce me to the authorities, if you wish. Go boldly to Hampton village, and tell them you have found the woman who did the deed. Call me, in the face of the world, as you called me now, to the deaf ears of the dead—murderess. Give them, then, that thought I have the key, the handkerchief. Relate my midnight flight. Or, if I so determine, will denounce you—I will point out your little office where John Milton practices medicine when he can find a patient to see. I know all. I am, at least, as sharp, and have as set a purpose, as yourself. Let us no longer treat each other as secret enemies; let us be open in our warfare. So, if you wish it; as for me, I would rather enter into a league with you. I admire your subtlety and your perseverance. I believe if we enter into a compact to serve each other, that both will sooner arrive at the truth. Both have the same object in view. Why not join forces?"

My object is to discover and punish my uncle's murderer. I replied, coldly, although intensely surprised at her excited words, especially at her last request. "To punish that murderer, without show of mercy, be it man or woman; and to restore, if possible, to my beloved cousin the patrimony of which she has been so relentlessly robbed."

"Our aims are identical; then why not enter into a partnership? I know, perfectly, that for a long time you believed me—one only—to be a guilty person; that at times, even yet, though you have seen things which have shaken your first impressions, they retain upon you at intervals, as they did to-night. I acknowledge, also, that for some time I believed you were the criminal; but I now exonerate you, and have satisfied myself by the slightest suspicion, that you have been designing upon me. If I were called to the witness-stand to-morrow, I should swear my conviction of your innocence. You think me hard and designing, because I refuse to do justice. You disliked your uncle. I had, if to love a man as I loved Doctor Meredith, can be called having a design upon him. I appreciated him; I enjoyed him; as if he were a friend, the bent of our tastes love me, we should be very happy together."

I acknowledged that, during his absence in California, I was upheld in my loneliness and almost absolute poverty, to do my duty to his child, and to the friends of his house, by the hope that, on his return, he would see what I was to him, and we should be married. Was there anything selfish or vile in that? You are young, sir, and youth, let me tell you, is ever critical and exacting in proportion to its own inexperience and vanity. You have heard of a better friend in the world, you would not have been so free in launching your arrows of scorn at a woman, the depth of whose nature yours could not fathom."

She paused a moment, in a superb attitude of passion and tragic grief, the frosty moonlight increasing the pallor of her face, her eyes blazing, her lips quivering. I was silent, for I felt the force of what she said, and remorse for the many wicked opinions I had indulged against her.

"You must be aware," she went on, "that I was sacrificing much in remaining, as I did, at Meredith Place—and if I expected my reward, I felt that I expected to be so happy, and to be with Dr. Meredith, but I should not have cherished this expectation had I not felt myself entirely capable of being his friend and helping him, as well as his wife. God knows I was selfish, in that I expected to be so blessed, after a lonely and desolate life—but not entirely selfish, for I looked, also, to his happiness."

She paused again.

It was not pleasant for me to feel that you were always looking at me, that you laughed at my feeling, setting me down as a woman too old to be romantic—only you could truly love, heartless boy that you were! It is never agreeable for a woman to have her love suspected before she has had a chance to return it; hence, I did not like you to play the spy upon my heart. I did not like you, your antecedents, nor the promise you gave for the future. I was willing that Lillian should have opportunity to see other young men, before she became entangled with you, in that I expected to be so happy, and to be with Dr. Meredith, but I should not have introduced her to the young society of the village, with the purpose of giving her freedom of choice. You put the worst construction on all my actions; so be it—I forgive you for it, if only you will do me a favor for an object which we have equal interest in.

"When Dr. Meredith brought home that silly creature, you alone guessed the effect it had upon me. The first few hours I was stunned by the blow. Pride enabled me to keep up appearances, but I was wretched, most wretched, for my own sake. But when I grew calm enough to look upon her, I began to grow miserable for his sake. I saw the mistake he had made—a mistake which one of his generous and unworldly nature would be sure to make under the circumstances."

She was silent, apparently lost in painful recollections.

"I have called her a silly creature, a child and a giggle," I remarked, after a moment; "do you speak at random?"

"No, she is all three—a child in want of discipline; silly by the narrowness of her mind and smallness of her ideas; a tigress in passion, when provoked. Pride enabled me to keep up appearances, but I was wretched, most wretched, for my own sake. But when I grew calm enough to look upon her, I began to grow miserable for his sake. I saw the mistake he had made—a mistake which one of his generous and unworldly nature would be sure to make under the circumstances."

"Then why have you permitted your brother to be so attentive to her?"

"Some things must be permitted that others may be accomplished. Oh, to think of her, alluring her wayward fancies to run after other men, when he, her benefactor and husband, lies here with the snow above him—the cold snow!"

Her last words were sobbed out, and she made a movement as if to throw herself on my grave, but restrained herself, wiping the icy drops which were freezing on her cheeks, and went on:

"Tell me, truly, Mr. Meredith, have you not reversed your decision with regard to meeting me? I have waited to conclude that I am not the guilty party?—(as if I would have harmed a hair of his head!)—in an undertone to herself. "Is there not another person whose conduct really gives rise to more suspicion than what was that of my brother?"

"There is," I said, after an instant's hesitation.

"Would you spare her any more than me, if she should be found guilty by you and me in our rescue?"

"No, I would not," I answered, shuddering.

She noticed the shiver, and seemed to think I was cold.

"I will not keep you here any longer," she said. "Possibly, too, we might be observed. How long did you expect to stay in this vicinity?"

"Only twenty-four hours."

"Will you be at Gram-me Hooker's? I ask, because I would like to see you again, to compare notes, and regard to a certain person."

"I do not know. Is there a tenant now at Meredith Place?"

"Lillian told me there was none. The house is entirely empty—for the stories of its being haunted keep all intruders away. I came out to-night, after the manner of my brother, I wished to visit this place alone. I had little thought of your being here. If you were the murderer you would fly from, instead of to, this grave."

"Perhaps—though I have heard of guilty consciences which forever urged their owners on to the lonely hollows of the deep wells where the bodies of their victims lay concealed. Miss Miller, I will not pretend a friendship which I do not wholly feel. I have been too deeply prejudiced to change my opinion suddenly. I judge this I will say, that I am ready to co-operate with you in any scheme to discover the cause or motive of my uncle's death, and the where-

abouts of his fortune. Has it never occurred to you that might have been driven to suicide by unpleasant discoveries with regard to his young wife?"

"It has," she said quickly; "but the idea is always controverted by the probability that, in such a case, he would have left his dying message before he reached the fatal draught. We should have known the meaning of that mystery—the figure eight."

"True."

"We must not linger here. I will talk with you about these matters to-morrow. In the afternoon, just before tea, I will walk out to Meredith Place. Are you not going?"

"In a moment."

She turned away, and I, stooping, plucked a spray from the myrtle which Lillian had twined for her mother's grave. Kissing the dry, senseless leaves, I placed them in my note-book, and struck off into the woods which fringed one side of the cemetery. No leaves now on the bare and glittering branches, which swung with melancholy and mysterious moans above me, while the crisp snow cracked under my feet. By a circuitous route through the forest, I gained Meredith Place, deserted now even by tiger. The mansion loomed up in the night, huddled and desolate; the ivy waving from the stone tower seemed the only living thing there.

I was greatly agitated as I approached it; so much had been done and suffered in that house. I could not behold it again, after an absence, without emotion. I soon found a window which yielded to my efforts, and opening it, I entered, closed it behind me, and was alone in the shadowy, dimly-moonlighted, chilly house, which, one year ago, had been so warm and bright with love, hope, and gay young life.

Too much agitated to feel sleepy, I walked through all the familiar rooms, in which the old furniture still kept its place. The clock was silent now, in the silent hall. In a freak of fancy I climbed to the face and wound it up. "If visitors should come here within the week, they will swear the place is haunted, sure enough," I thought, as I turned the key and set the pendulum to swinging.

I distinctly the voice of the old clock pealed out loud and clear, ringing through the empty mansion with startling distinctness. Again, as once before—eight!

I can not describe how solemn and powerful the effect upon my excited mind. Did the time-piece always pause at that precise point, when I run down—or was this a chance coincidence? Doubtless the first; but it did not seem thus to me, as I stood alone in the deserted house, long bars of moonlight and black groups of shadows vividly the hall. That startling peal, ringing out for my ear alone, seemed to me my uncle's voice. It said—"You are sleeping—you are letting the months go by; my body is mouldering into dust, my friends are forgetting me—while you rest upon your promise. Work! work! Do not grow discouraged—do not be fooled by the woman's art, nor give way to compassion, nor be deceived by one or the other, until the pledge you gave is redeemed: Remember the figure eight!"

As if I ever thought of anything else!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

THE INDIAN'S AMBITION.—Civilization has many points of ambitious attainment—the rewards of letters, triumphs in the forum and legislative hall, the diplomatic bureau, etc.—but the Indian has only one prime honor to grasp; it is triumph in the war-path, it is rushing upon his enemy, tearing the scalp reeking from his head, and then uttering his terrific war-whoop. For this crowning act he is permitted to mount the honored feather of the war eagle—the king of carnivorous birds. By this mark he is publicly known, and his honors recognized by all the tribes, and by the surrounding tribes whose customs assimilate. When the scalp of an enemy has been won, very great pains are taken to exhibit it. For this purpose it is stretched on a hoop, and mounted on a pole. The inner part is painted red, and the hair adjusted to hang in its natural manner. If it be the scalp of a male, eagle feathers are attached to denote that fact. If a female, a comb or scissors is hung on the frame. In this condition it is placed in the hands of an old woman, who bears it about in the scalp-dance, who opprobrious epithets are uttered against the tribe from whom it is taken. Amid these wild rejoicings the war-cry is vociferated, and the general sentiment with old and young is, "Thus shall it be done to our enemies." The feather of an eagle is the highest honor that a warrior can wear. When it bears a red spot it denotes that the warrior has killed an enemy; a notch cut in it, and the edge of the feathers painted red, indicate that the throat of an enemy has been cut. Several consecutive notches on the front side of the feather without paint denote that the warrior is the third person that has touched the dead body; both edges notched, that he is the fourth person that has touched it; and the feather partly denuded, that he is the fifth person that has touched the slain.

THE BLACK HILLS.—Deadwood is a heterogeneous mass of hastily erected buildings, log and frame—the former predominating—thrown into a narrow gulch, through whose crooked length flows Whitehead creek, with its two thousand inches of turbid, murky liquid the channel being of gravelly clay. The Cheyenne stage route strikes the head of Whitehead creek about fifteen miles from Deadwood, and follows the stream down to the city, entering what has been known as South Deadwood, or Sherman street. Just at present the south side is looming up, owing to the establishment of the post-office on that side, and the consequent attraction of business thereto, so that real estate speculators are reaping a rich harvest.

The town is alive with carpenters, yet the people complain that it is impossible to get anything done. Carpenters are paid from six to eight dollars per day, and are cursed by their employers day and night—not openly, of course, but in secret as it were.

Two and a half miles above Deadwood, on Deadwood creek, is located Gayville, a young and flourishing town, which will be permanently prosperous, owing to the fact that the largest and richest quartz deposits yet found in the Hills are in the adjacent hills, surrounding the town like a crescent. There are several stamp mills in constant operation day and night crushing the quartz, and three more are in course of erection. There is an exhibition in one of the banks in Deadwood a map of the tort gold weights over 127 ounces, from the Father De Smith mine in Gayville, valued at \$2,450, which was the result of an ordinary day's stamping.

Men are working in the gulch, from the head of Deadwood and Whitewood creeks, to the far foothills—hundreds of them—and the very fact that they "keep their lick" on many claims, night and day, is sufficient evidence that pay dirt is found. Another very convincing evidence is the fact that the four banking houses doing business here, each buy from \$1,000 to \$10,000 in gold dust per day, while the arrastras and stamp mills are sending out from \$20,000 to 50,000 per week in beautiful bullion bars and buttons. Then, too, there is a vast amount of "trade dust" in circulation. "Dust" is the currency of the country,

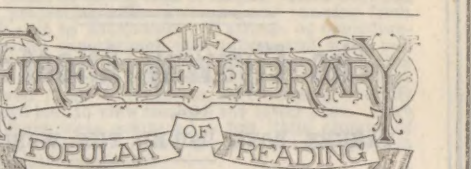
and the man who buys a thousand dollars' worth of supplies, as well as the man who orders a two-bit "bull-doz cocktail," pulls out his buckskin bag of gold and settles therefor with all nonchalance imaginable. The newsboys by dozens through the streets at eventide, carry the pocket gold scale, and nine-tenths of their customers drop a few grains into the scale, scarcely looking at the weight, as they snatch the paper and eagerly pursue the latest news. There are at present two papers published in Deadwood—the Black Hills Daily Times and the Pioneer, a weekly.

In addition to the amount mentioned above, there is a constant stream of men going out by the different routes, who have made a "general sufficiency," and are going home to enjoy it. They carry out from one to twenty-five thousand dollars apiece, and some of them even more. We shall never know how good fortune has been to these men. They go back to happy homes, erect fine residences, buy large farms and herds, or invest in business enterprises, and the Black Hills knows them no more. Their neighbors see them return, observe their prosperity, take it for granted that there is gold in the mines of the West, and ask few questions, while the lucky ones, knowing the great uncertainties of life in the mines, tell far more of the difficulties, dangers and privations of the journey than of the richness of the diggings.

ALL nervous, exhausting, and painful diseases speedily yield to the curative influences of Pulvermacher's Electric Belts and Bands. They are safe, simple, and effective, and can be easily applied by the patient himself. Book with full particulars mailed free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., Cincinnati, Ohio. 381-37. e.o.w.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurem. nt.



Contains choice Novels by Choice Authors—each issue a complete work, handsomely illustrated in quarto size, beautifully printed, giving in actual quantity the matter of a dollar and a half book! All for Ten Cents each number! The cheapest, most convenient and most enjoyable of all. POPULAR WORKS OF FICTION ever put within reach of American Reader!

No. I. WAS SHE HIS WIFE? By Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell.

No. II. FLEEING FROM LOVE. By Mrs. Harriet Irving.

No. III. DID HE LOVE HER? By Bartley T. Campbell.

No. IV. A STRANGE WOMAN. By Bett Winwood.

In addition to the Complete Novel in each issue there is running a serial story by some noted author; and thus the "Library" now presents

FIVE NOVELS FOR FORTY CENTS, for in Number Four ends the charming Heart and Society Romance

Lord Lisle's Daughter, affording attraction upon attraction.

No. V. NADIA, THE RUSSIAN SPY. By Capt. Frederick Whitaker. Ready!

No. VI. TWO GIRLS LIVES. By Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell. Ready!

Nos. VII and VIII. LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. By Miss M. E. Braddon.

No. IX. WAR OF HEARTS. By Corinne Cushman. Ready!

No. X. LEBRON GRANGE. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Ready!

No. XI. THE FALSE WIDOW. By Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton.

Nos. XII and XIII. LOST FOR LOVE. By Miss M. E. Braddon.

Nos. XIV and XV. TOILERS OF THE SEA. By Victor Hugo.

No. XVI. THE OCTOBER. By Miss M. E. Braddon.

Nos. XVII and XVIII. UNCLE SILAS. By J. S. Le Fanu.

The Fireside Library is sold by all newsdealers; or is sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of 100 CENTS per number. Address

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

Dime Serio-Comic Speaker.

A new and choice collection of original, selected and adapted laughter and enjoyable pieces for School, Exhibition and Home stage.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—TEN CENTS.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

MEN WANTED to sell goods to Merchants, 30 PER CENT commission. HOTELS AND TRAVELING EXPENSES PAID. QUOTE CITY GLASS & LAMP WORK, Cincinnati, Ohio. 380-131. f\*

LADIES Can make \$5 a day in their own city or town. Address Ellis Man's, Waltham, Mass. 385-41.

25 ELEGANT CARDS, no two alike, with name, 10c. post paid. J. E. HUSTON, Nassau, N. Y. 385-41.

4 BEAUTIFUL PHOTO'S & Circ's of books, etc. 10c.; 3 nice stereo. views, 25c. S. L. LUDDEN, E. Lincoln, Me. 387-41.A

25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name 10 cts., post-paid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y. 385-41.

25 FANCY CARDS, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. post paid. NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y. Box 50 386-41.

50 Fine Cards, Repp, Damask, &c., with name on all 13c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn. 385-11.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and



## A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

To sing of summer, glowing warm,  
My muse, lend me thy tuneful charm,  
And keep these lines off in a swim.  
Bright summer! O'er the world she waves  
Her roof of flowers and tender leaves—  
And ants go crawling up your sleeves.  
High rides the sun, which warmly glows,  
Resplendent till the daytime's close—  
And mites go swarming in your nose.  
The skies so distant seem and white;  
The far-off hills sleep in the light—  
And little midges, how they bite!  
Sweet season of the middle year!  
We dwell upon thy glories dear—  
And find a bug within our ear!  
We stop to pluck each rose we see  
That blooms upon the highway free—  
Exasperating some sly bee!  
The soul on pinions seems to float;  
The lips awake the tender note—  
You suck a fly into your throat.  
How thrills your heart in summer's track  
To see of beauteous things no lack—  
And feel a spider down your back!  
We rest beneath the shady boughs;  
Contented thoughts the time allows—  
A hornet's nest we then arouse.  
The fruit hangs pendant like a charm,  
We pluck the apple reddening warm—  
And bite into a hidden worm.  
How sweet to rise while yet the dews  
Clothe all the fields with diamond hues—  
And find a pinch-bug in your shoes!  
When e'er the evening wind is fair,  
Our forehead to its breath we bare—  
And brush the bugs out of our hair.  
The summer scenes, how sweet they lie!  
We pause to look lest they fly—  
And brush the gnats out of our eye.  
Our feelings how we long to speak!  
We cast our cares away, and quick—  
We brush the roaches off our cheek.  
The summer, how it strives to please  
With yellow-jackets, wasps and bees,  
Bed-bugs, musketoes and bumble-bees,  
And other things as good as these!

## The Flyaway Afloat:

OR,  
YANKEE BOYS 'ROUND THE WORLD.BY C. D. CLARK,  
AUTHOR OF "YANKEE BOYS IN CEYLON,"  
"CAMP AND CANOE," "ROD AND RIFLE,"  
"THE SEAL HUNTERS," ETC.

"The Yankee Boys in Ceylon" treats of the adventures of a party of young Americans who passed a season in the jungles of Ceylon. The party consisted of three brothers, Dick, Ned and Will Wade, who had a schooner, the Flyaway. In Ceylon they met with a serpent-charmer, Abenahua, and his daughter, Rena. After many adventures, Abenahua was killed by a tiger, and dying left his daughter to the care of Dave Sawyer, captain of the Flyaway, who married her at Colombo, where the Flyaway started out to finish the trip round the world, of which these papers are the record.

I.  
OFF ACHEEN—THE BATTLE WITH MALAY PI-RATES.

THE Flyaway, under a press of sail, was running through the strait between the Nicobar islands and the northern point of Sumatra. Over the port bow could be seen the coast of Achcen, the most northern province of the island, a long low line upon the distant horizon. The yacht, as she rose and fell upon the surface of the sea, looked beautiful to the eye of a sailor, and Captain Dave Sawyer wore an air of pride as he took the deck and watched the light clouds moving away to the east.

"Tell you what, my boys," he said, "it may be a little rough on the inhabitants, but if ever there was a gang of thieving pirates upon the face of the earth, it's the people of these islands. Steal! It's no name for it. Hi, there, Modo! what are you about?"

"Let not the captain's anger be angry with his slave," answered Modo. "I watch for the Malay pirates, whom may Visiwe confound."

"That's all right, Modo," said Ned. "but you don't think they would have the cheek to pitch into the Flyaway?"

"Captain Sawyer laughed heartily.

"It beats all how brassy it makes a lot of boys to have a little good luck. Why, blame all my cats, boys; do you hanker after a fight with the Malays?"

"You bet I do!" replied Ned.

"Then you'd better let out the job. As far as I am concerned I'm always spilling for a row, but when it comes to fighting Malays, Papuans, and Sookoes for fun, I ain't on the light; not by a darned sight. 'Sides, I've got some one to look after, now."

He cast a glance at Rena, who, beautiful but sad, was seated near the bow, with her eyes fixed upon the dimpling waves of the smiling sea. What wonder! she was leaving behind her forever the land where she had been born, and had buried the body of her father upon the rocky height where he had yielded up his life. Yet, when she met her free, manly glance of Dave Sawyer, her face brightened.

"Yes, Dave," replied Ned. "I beg your pardon if I did not think of that. I hope now that we won't see them; but if we do, and the worst comes to the worst—"

"The Flyaway will show the cleanest pair of heels you ever heard of about, that's all. Say, Modo, what are you telegraphing about?"

"Pross!" replied Modo, in a low voice.

"Ha!" and Captain Dave brought the glass to his eye; "that's about so, I reckon. And when you see two of the long black cusses lying under the land, like a bald-eagle watching a fish hawk, you know what they mean. Here, Rena, my gal, go below at once."

"No," she protested, in her sweet, musical voice, "Rona will stay if there is danger."

"I don't call it danger," explained Sawyer, with a snuff of disapproval. "You'd better go below, though."

"I was always taught to face danger by my father's side," replied Rena. "Let me stay, at least until there is real danger."

"You'll go when I tell you?"

"Yes."

Sawyer looked over his crew. As we have said, it was a strong one for a yacht, and most of the men were old blue-jackets, who had fought bravely before now. Therefore, when they understood that there was a chance of a row, they brightened up, and began to look eagerly at the pros lying so still and silent under the land; but when the sailing-master gave an order which looked like flight, they began to murmur.

"Stand by sheets and tacks! Ready there, you at the wheel. Let her go about as quick as you can, for the Straits of Malacca don't look healthy. Why don't you move, timbortoes?"

"Cap'n," said an old foretopman, advancing and saluting "the deck," "ef so be I mout make so bold, are we to cut and run from such truck as that there?"

rapidly widening the distance between her and the pirates. But, even as they sailed on, Captain Dave cast anxious glances at the sky above them, and said something to Modo in a low tone. The Cingalese shook his head, and wetting his finger, held it up in the air.

"Yes, Captain Sahib; it is as you say."

With a doubtful look the captain stepped forward, and scanned the sea and sky more closely.

"Quartermaster Wade!" he called out.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Open the arms chest and deal out arms to the men. Give everyone two revolvers and a cut-throat razor, and distribute rifles. Send Jack Trumbull here."

The old salt stepped forward eagerly.

"I was going to run, Jack," he explained, "because I didn't care to have our beauty spoiled just for the sake of a row. But the whole thing is down, and we're going to fight, whether we like it or not. Can you handle that rifled Parrott amidships?"

"Ay, sir, ay! The Flyaway didn't order run from any pirate that ever sailed, and the boys all say so."

"I'll run if I could, because there ain't anything to be made by fighting the yaller-skins; but, as we can't run, we'll make what fight we can, and I reckon it will be a good one. Lieutenant Wade!"

Ned stepped forward.

"You will take charge of the guns, lieutenant. Jack is a gunner and knows how to make his mark. Get out your ammunition and trice up the boarding nettings, for there is going to be a right smart fight before we get done with these cock-eyed cutthroats. You see that?"

"Yes, sir, ay! The Flyaway didn't order run from any pirate that ever sailed, and the boys all say so."

"I'll run if I could, because there ain't anything to be made by fighting the yaller-skins; but, as we can't run, we'll make what fight we can, and I reckon it will be a good one. Lieutenant Wade!"

Ned stepped forward.

"You will take charge of the guns, lieutenant. Jack is a gunner and knows how to make his mark. Get out your ammunition and trice up the boarding nettings, for there is going to be a right smart fight before we get done with these cock-eyed cutthroats. You see that?"

"Yes, sir, ay! The Flyaway didn't order run from any pirate that ever sailed, and the boys all say so."

"I'll run if I could, because there ain't anything to be made by fighting the yaller-skins; but, as we can't run, we'll make what fight we can, and I reckon it will be a good one. Lieutenant Wade!"

Ned stepped forward.

"You will take charge of the guns, lieutenant. Jack is a gunner and knows how to make his mark. Get out your ammunition and trice up the boarding nettings, for there is going to be a right smart fight before we get done with these cock-eyed cutthroats. You see that?"

"Yes, sir, ay! The Flyaway didn't order run from any pirate that ever sailed, and the boys all say so."

"I'll run if I could, because there ain't anything to be made by fighting the yaller-skins; but, as we can't run, we'll make what fight we can, and I reckon it will be a good one. Lieutenant Wade!"

Ned stepped forward.

"You will take charge of the guns, lieutenant. Jack is a gunner and knows how to make his mark. Get out your ammunition and trice up the boarding nettings, for there is going to be a right smart fight before we get done with these cock-eyed cutthroats. You see that?"

"Yes, sir, ay! The Flyaway didn't order run from any pirate that ever sailed, and the boys all say so."

"I'll run if I could, because there ain't anything to be made by fighting the yaller-skins; but, as we can't run, we'll make what fight we can, and I reckon it will be a good one. Lieutenant Wade!"

Ned stepped forward.

"You will take charge of the guns, lieutenant. Jack is a gunner and knows how to make his mark. Get out your ammunition and trice up the boarding nettings, for there is going to be a right smart fight before we get done with these cock-eyed cutthroats. You see that?"

"Yes, sir, ay! The Flyaway didn't order run from any pirate that ever sailed, and the boys all say so."

"I'll run if I could, because there ain't anything to be made by fighting the yaller-skins; but, as we can't run, we'll make what fight we can, and I reckon it will be a good one. Lieutenant Wade!"

Ned stepped forward.

"You will take charge of the guns, lieutenant. Jack is a gunner and knows how to make his mark. Get out your ammunition and trice up the boarding nettings, for there is going to be a right smart fight before we get done with these cock-eyed cutthroats. You see that?"

"Yes, sir, ay! The Flyaway didn't order run from any pirate that ever sailed, and the boys all say so."

"I'll run if I could, because there ain't anything to be made by fighting the yaller-skins; but, as we can't run, we'll make what fight we can, and I reckon it will be a good one. Lieutenant Wade!"

Ned stepped forward.

"You will take charge of the guns, lieutenant. Jack is a gunner and knows how to make his mark. Get out your ammunition and trice up the boarding nettings, for there is going to be a right smart fight before we get done with these cock-eyed cutthroats. You see that?"

"Yes, sir, ay! The Flyaway didn't order run from any pirate that ever sailed, and the boys all say so."

"I'll run if I could, because there ain't anything to be made by fighting the yaller-skins; but, as we can't run, we'll make what fight we can, and I reckon it will be a good one. Lieutenant Wade!"

Ned stepped forward.

man with a constitution of wrought-iron and as many lives as a cat.

Mr. Tootsbury's wife was a sweet-tempered, soft-voiced little body, who at first sincerely believed in and faithfully sympathized with her husband's complaints.

She had failed, long since, to see the utter absurdity of them, but she was too tender-hearted to wound him by even a seeming indifference. So, with the patience of an angel, and the heroism of a martyr, she rose at all sorts of unseasonable hours of the night, or dropped her household tasks at the most unreasonable hours of the day, to prepare nauseating messes which ought to have strangled him—but unfortunately didn't.

Mr. Tootsbury was possessed of a moderate competence, and might have lived easily. But, like his kind, he had made terrible inroads on the expense-book. So little Mrs. Tootsbury, with a laudable desire to "help along," added to her already onerous tasks by taking boarders.

Two of these were sharp young fellows, medical students from a neighboring college. Of course, they saw at once that Mr. Tootsbury's diseases were nothing in the world but imagination, and it provoked them exceedingly to see his impositions upon his good-natured little wife, whom they highly esteemed.

One morning, when they thought the time had arrived for the consummation of their plan, their young students followed their victim when he went out for his usual morning walk.

Keeping behind him, they contrived, as he turned a corner, to come close enough to allow him to overhear their conversation, which they carried on in a half-subdued tone.

"Then you don't think he can live long?" asked one.

"Oh, no. He's bound to die in two or three months at the longest."

"Singular case, isn't it?"

"Wonderful! Never saw anything like it! Complication of half the diseases under the sun! Terrible case!"

"It's a pity, too. Our host is a worthy man."

"Entirely so. Yes, it's a great pity. Why, I shouldn't be surprised to go to dinner any day, and find him only a 'cold corpse.'"

"Then you think we had better make our own arrangements at once?"

"Indeed I do."

"But are you sure we can get his body?"

"Certainly. It's all arranged. He will be a splendid subject."

Mr. Tootsbury, who had pricked up his ears and been highly interested in the conversation, was overhearing, now began to feel cold chills all over him, and a prickly sensation at the roots of his hair, as if it was preparing to stand on end.

He faced squarely about, and addressed the (seemingly) startled young doctors.

"Gentlemen, was it me you were speaking of just now?"

The students colored with apparent confusion, and hesitated to answer.

"Be candid! Speak out! I am bound to know! Was it me?" sternly demanded our hero.

"Well, sir, yes. We alluded to you."

"You think I am going to die, do you?"

"Well, sir, yes; there's no doubt of it."

"And you say you have arranged to get my body?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that a fact, gentlemen?"

"Of course it is."

"I suppose you intend to dissect me, then?"

"Yes, sir."

At every word Mr. Tootsbury's color rose, and his face grew paler and paler.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me why this particular honor is reserved for me, gentlemen?"

"Certainly. We want to find out what is the matter with you. You are always sick, yet always growing fatter; always complaining, yet able to eat more and sleep better than any of us. You look stout and hearty, yet you are a confirmed invalid. We don't understand it, and we want to find out. We intend to get your body, and offer you a glorious sacrifice on the altar of medical science."

"You do! Well, young gentlemen, I'm sorry to be obliged to spoil your fun, but allow me to say I won't be sacrificed. Not on the altar of science, or any other altar, just yet! Not if I know it! I don't intend to be sliced open! I don't intend to die! I intend to get well! In fact, I am well now! I am just as well as you are! There is nothing whatever the matter with me! And if you venture to say there is, I will thank you to get out. We intend to get your body, and offer you a glorious sacrifice on the altar of medical science."

"You do! Well, young gentlemen, I'm sorry to be obliged to spoil your fun, but allow me to say I won't be sacrificed. Not on the altar of science, or any other altar, just yet! Not if I know it! I don't intend to be sliced open! I don't intend to die! I intend to get well! In fact, I am well now! I am just as well as you are! There is nothing whatever the matter with me! And if you venture to say there is, I will thank you to get out. We intend to get your body, and offer you a glorious sacrifice on the altar of medical science."

"You do! Well, young gentlemen, I'm sorry to be obliged to spoil your fun, but allow me to say I won't be sacrificed. Not on the altar of science, or any other altar, just yet! Not if I know it! I don't intend to be sliced open! I don't intend to die! I intend to get well! In fact, I am well now! I am just as well as you are! There is nothing whatever the matter with me! And if you venture to say there is, I will thank you to get out. We intend to get your body, and offer you a glorious sacrifice on the altar of medical science."

"You do! Well, young gentlemen, I'm sorry to be obliged to spoil your fun, but allow me to say I won't be sacrificed. Not on the altar of science, or any other altar, just yet! Not if I know it! I don't intend to be sliced open! I don't intend to die! I intend to get well! In fact, I am well now! I am just as well as you are! There is nothing whatever the matter with me! And if you venture to say there is, I will thank you to get out. We intend to get your body, and offer you a glorious sacrifice on the altar of medical science."

"You do! Well, young gentlemen, I'm sorry to be obliged to spoil your fun, but allow me to say I won't be sacrificed. Not on the altar of science, or any other altar, just yet! Not if I know it! I don't intend to be sliced open! I don't intend to die! I intend to get well! In fact, I am well now! I am just as well as you are! There is nothing whatever the matter with me! And if you venture to say there is, I will thank you to get out. We intend to get your body, and offer you a glorious sacrifice on the altar of medical science."

"You do! Well, young gentlemen, I'm sorry to be obliged to spoil your fun, but allow me to say I won't be sacrificed. Not on the altar of science, or any other altar, just yet! Not if I know it! I don't intend to be sliced open! I don't intend to die! I intend to get well! In fact, I am well now! I am just as well as you are! There is nothing whatever the matter with me! And if you venture to say there is, I will thank you to get out. We intend to get your body, and offer you a glorious sacrifice on the altar of medical science."

him. Alice followed him into the "keeping-room" with a suspicion of the disagreeable truth. This grew to a certainty, as the farmer paused, with one hand upon the door-knob, a finger upon his lips.

Through the thin barrier came the nasal twang she had learned to hate, raised in prayer. An expression of almost reverential respect spread over the simple farmer's face. He firmly believed that if ever a saint dwelt upon this earth the man whose voice came to his ears then was that saint.

After the prayer was ended, Mr. Walker opened the door and drew his daughter in after him, despite her evident reluctance. A tall, stoop-shouldered, hatchet-faced man was carefully studying the shiny knees of his black pants.

As his eyes lifted at their entrance, his whole face bore a striking resemblance to that of a hawk, though there was a shifty, snake-like gleam in his small black eyes.

"Alice is here to listen to your words, elder," said the farmer. "She knows that you have my full consent and best wishes. I only wish that she and I were more worthy of the honor you propose conferring upon us."

He bowed under a lip hung lower than ever, the snaky eyes glistened and glowed with redoubled fire as Elias Hopkins advanced and took hold of the maiden's little hand. She cast an appealing glance toward her father, but he frowned warningly as he slipped from the room and left them together.

It is not necessary, nor would it be an agreeable task for me to report in full the interview between the Mormon and his intended victim. His words were little better than blasphemy, for his piety was a pious sham, assumed much as he would don the sheepskin, and for no better purpose.

At that date—1832—Mormonism was a far more respectable garb than it does now. So both Joseph Smith, the first "prophet," and Sidney Rigdon, the real author of the "Book of Mormon" (though he found the germ in the manuscript left by one Solomon Spalding, written as a burlesque) stoutly denounced the institution of polygamy, which, even then, Brigham Young, at that time one of the Twelve Apostles, was endeavoring to make a prominent feature of the creed. The Mormons had but recently settled in Missouri, and to secure a good footing, wore their best and most plausible mask.

James Walker was one of the richest and most influential farmers in the State, and no pains were spared to "convert" him. By nature simple and superstitious, this was not a very difficult task, and when the oily, cunning Elias Hopkins proposed to make Alice Walker his wife, the former felt more highly honored than he would have had a prince royal begged an alliance.

But Alice loved another, with all the fervor of her pure, young soul, and that other, Tom Kendall, her father's hired man, was in every respect worthy of her love. Though poor, he was one of those men whose every step is to the front. Already he had saved up enough to command a housekeeping in a small way, when the advent of Elias Hopkins changed his bright anticipations to gloomy doubt. These fears proved but too well founded, when he made his confession of love. Farmer Walker completely gave him up to understand that Alice was meant for his master, that she was as good as engaged to the Mormon elder.

That same evening, a weary and footsore traveler knocked at the door of the Walker farmhouse, and told a pitiful story, begging food and a night's rest. Of course this was freely granted; no country in the world can boast more truly hospitable people than the farmers of Missouri.

Late that night the farmer's family was awakened by deep groans and sounds of distress coming from the chamber to which the stranger had been assigned. They found him doubled up in a spasm of terrible pain. The symptoms were those of cholera, and though naturally frightened at the appearance of the dread scourge beneath their roof, Mr. and Mrs. Walker were unremittent in their efforts to relieve the sufferer.

Toward daydawn, the stranger appeared to be sinking rapidly, and as the sun rose, all was over.

Sorely troubled, James Walker fairly shouted with joy as he beheld Elias Hopkins riding up to the stile-blocks, and rushing to meet him, he poured forth his troubles. With a face as expressive as a mask, the Elder listened to him. Then he said:

"I knew that I was needed here. Last night I had a revelation from the Lord, directing me to hasten hither. I knew not what was expected of me, but all is clear, now. Let thy heart be comforted, Master Walker. The dead stranger shall yet call thee and thine blessed. The Lord has sent me here to perform a miracle."

The farmer listened in open-mouthed astonishment. Though he almost revered the Mormon, this bold assurance almost contounded him. To raise the dead!

Elias Hopkins smiled, and his snaky eyes glistened.

"You, too, are a doubter, brother! Enough! I rest my reliance upon the power which has been sent me from heaven. I will raise this dead man to life and health. Not only you, but the whole world shall be convinced. Go send your servants around to the neighbors' houses. Bid them come and bear witness to the miracles of the true church!"

Scarcely knowing what to think, James Walker obeyed, sending word in every direction, bidding one and all hasten to witness the miracle about to be performed by the apostle.

There was no need of a second invitation. The Mormon pioneers had cunningly advertised their church and the miraculous powers with which their apostles were gifted, and two hours later the farmhouse was crowded.

Elias Hopkins was naturally the center of observation as he sat quietly reading his Book of Mormon. When he considered that the interest had waxed sufficiently strong he arose.

"Brother Walker, you will please state whether I have yet looked upon the corpse of the stranger."

The farmer promptly obeyed. Then the Ayvick laid him lead the way to the death-chamber.

Among those most deeply interested in the matter was Tom Kendall. From the moment when he heard his rival declare his purpose of raising the dead he had been thinking busily. He felt convinced that there must be something beneath the surface—something not exactly "upon the square." But, how could he expose the pretense?

Elias Hopkins entered the chamber where the stranger lay, and kneeling beside the bed he uttered a long and apparently sincere petition. It must not be recorded here. The blasphemy was too foul and impious.

As he arose, Tom Kendall addressed him:

"Mr. Hopkins, before proceeding further, I would like to ask you a question. You say that the power has been given you to raise the dead?"

"I do—by the grace of the Lord."

"But, supposing this stranger had died of some other disease than cholera, could you raise him then?"

"I could," promptly responded the Elder.

"And the same if he had been killed by an accident? Suppose he had been murdered—had his head chopped off?" persisted Kendall.

"Even though his body was severed into fifty parts, if I had faith, as I have, I could bring him to life just as easily as I can now."

"Then I will doubt you no longer. I believe you can raise the dead; but, there may be others present who are not so easily convinced. And to show them that you indeed possess the power—you are positive that this poor stranger is dead?"

"He is dead. You can see that for yourself."

"Then there can be no harm in my aiding to make your miracle an undoubted success. Since the man is dead as he possibly can be, I'll just chop off his head—"

As he spoke, Kendall suddenly produced a huge broadsword from beneath his coat and swung it over the neck of the "corpse." And with a yell of horror, the dead man rolled to the floor, begging for mercy!

Elias Hopkins made a dash for the door, but a dozen hands seized him. The pretended corpse

was closely questioned, and confessed that Hopkins had hired him to play "the part," hoping, by his "miracle," to thoroughly convert the wavering farmers.

James Walker led the apostle out of the house, and administered to him a thorough thrashing. Then both impostors were ducked in the large pond, and warned to leave the county instantly.

"Neighbors," said Walker, when this was done, "you came to see a miracle; go get your wives and your children, and come back here this evening, and you shall see a wedding."

And they did.

## Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

## THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.

"THOROUGHLY square play and honorable conduct in the arrangement of contests between League Club nine" was the alleged line of action to be pursued by the League Association. This is the precept of the organization; the question is, does their practice accord with the avowed principle of the League clubs as stated in their constitution? Certain facts seem to militate against their practice being in consonance with their precept in this respect. Let us examine into the case of the Cincinnati club in reference to their past as well as existing status as a legal contestant in the League Championship arena, by way of illustration. First we find that the club, under the combined management of Messrs. Keck and Hurlburt—for the latter gentleman seems to have had quite a controlling influence in the club's doings—was allowed to have its games counted as legal contests in June last, when it was well known to the League officials that the club had not paid their \$100 entry fee within the prescribed time, and therefore were not legal contestants; and after this fact had leaked out and become public, and the club had been disbanded, we find that the new organization succeeding it were allowed by the League club directors to lead the base-ball public to understand that by mutual agreement, certain of the club's games were to be counted as legal contests, and certain others were to be thrown out, this agreement giving the new club a quasi-membership of the League, by which the public were to be led to patronize the Cincinnati club games under a false impression. It now turns out that there was "a distinct understanding that the games played by the new Cincinnati nine were not to be counted as legal contests in the championship series," and as the games of the old nine could not be legally counted, it followed that all the games played by the Cincinnati club this season—old and new nine alike—were to be thrown out of the count. What Western paper connected with the League Association, or what League club director or official has given publicity